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A

NARRATIVE

OF WHAT PASSED AT

KILLALLA,

IN THE COUNTY OF MAYO,

AND THE PARTS ADJACENT,

DURING

THE FRENCH INVASION

IN THE SUMMER OF 1798.

K.

BY AN EYE-WITNESS.

Bishop Stock

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TO THE PRINTER.

SIR,

AS I know that inaccurate accounts of remarkable events must at length be taken for true, and be adopted by the historian, if he is not supplied with better, I feel myself drawn against my liking by the very imperfect narratives I have yet seen of what passed at Killalla, while foreign and domestic enemies possessed that town in the summer of 1798, to state to you as much as fell under my observation at that critical period.

The Committee of United Irishmen at Paris had certainly prepared both the Directory and the majority of the French people to expect, that, if a strong force from France

should appear on the coast of Ireland, the whole country would presently rise in arms to second them, and to shake off the detested yoke of Great Britain. Colonel CHAROST confessed as much to the Bishop of Killalla in private conversation, and owned that he was much disappointed when he came to discover how extremely different the reports of the Irish Commissioners were from the truth, particularly with regard to the protestants and the people of property in Ireland. He added, with much warmth, that he would take care to open the eyes of his countrymen on the subject, as soon as he should return to Paris.

What is ye meaning of this my good Bishop! What did Col: Charost know about the state of Ireland. — Vide ye next paragraph

The inconsiderable number of French who made good a landing at Killalla were destined to be only the vanguard of that army so happily intercepted afterwards by Sir JOHN BORLASE WARREN. Had these last succeeded in their enterprise as well as did their forerunners, and arrived in time to support them, the danger to the English interest in Ireland would have proved serious indeed, if we may form a conclusion from the mischief which

What becomes then of Col: Charost's observation which you have so very happily introduced above

which even a handful of foreigners was able to effect. But the hand of Providence interposed in our favour. Money to set forward the second embarkation was wanting; so that, before that grand spring of military operation could be put in motion, the first invaders had miscarried by land, leaving the second armament to fall a prey to a gallant English squadron.

On the 4th of August 1798, the French Government dispatched from Rochelle, in two frigates of 44 guns 18 pounders, and one of 38 carrying 12 pounders, a force of 1030 men and 70 officers, the whole under the command of Gen. HUMBERT. This officer had risen from the ranks, was first distinguished for his activity in the ruinous war of La Vendée, and had been second in command in the expedition of Gen. HOCHE to Bantry Bay in Dec. 1796. The squadron, eluding beyond their own expectation the vigilance of our fleet, had fetched so long a compass on their route, as to be eighteen days in their passage to Ireland. Their intention was to land, as the second party

afterwards did, in Donegal; but, after beating up three days against a North wind, they cast anchor, on the 22d of August, in the Bay of Killalla, taking care to deceive their enemies by shewing only English colours. The feint succeeded so well that the two sons of the Bishop of Killalla, eager to see English men of war, threw themselves into a fishing-boat along with the port-surveyor, Mr. JAMES RUTLEDGE, and were presently surprised to find themselves prisoners. EDWIN STOCK, the eldest son of the bishop, was brought on shore that evening by the French, who wanted him for an interpreter; the other two got away, three days after, to Ballina, where they joined the party that charged the enemy near that town on horseback, on whose defeat, they contrived to slip away on foot to Killalla.

Some alarm had been given in the morning of the 22d to the people of Killalla by the unusual appearance of ships of that size in their bay; in so much, that the only magistrate of the town, WILLIAM KIRKWOOD, Esq., who commanded the yeomanry, had kept

kept his corps under arms the whole day at the see-house, called the Castle, as did also lieutenant SILLS of the Prince of Wales' fencibles his twenty militia-men, lately detached to Killalla from Ballina. Yeomen and fencibles together formed a corps of fifty men, all protestants, equally resolute and loyal, as the event would have made manifest, if they had not been opposed to a force so very superior in number.

Take Care how you prejudice my worthy Bishop

The indentings of the Bay of Killalla, and the chain of hills between that town and the spot where the enemy landed, will in part account for the secrecy with which the debarkation was conducted. It is not without reason, however, suspected, that the peasantry had no intention to prevent the surprise that took place. Even among the bishop's servants, for some days before this event, a whisper had gone about, that the French were coming to Killalla, and that something very terrible would shortly happen. A protestant servant maid, lately married to a romish inhabitant of the place, had circulated the report in the castle with great

great apparent uneasiness and conviction of its truth.

Thursday, the 23d of August, had been fixed on for the visitation of the clergy of the united dioceses of Killalla and Ashonry, to be held at Killalla. The town not affording a decent inn, it had been customary for the bishop to find bed and board for such clergymen as came from distant parts, three or four of whom had accordingly dined at the castle, in company with two officers of the carabineers, quartered at Ballina, a town six miles distant. The company was preparing to join the ladies, between seven and eight on a fine summer's evening, when a terrified messenger entered the room with news, that the French were landed, and that near 300 of them were within a mile of the town. The cavalry officers rode off directly, in full speed, with the intelligence to Ballina. In a few minutes the yeomen and fencibles being drawn together before the castle gate, the question was put, should they fight or retreat? 'we will fight,' said Lieutenant SILLS, listening to the dictates of courage

courage rather than of prudence. The word was echoed by the whole corps. They advanced into the main street, which stands at right angles with the castle, where they met the French advance guard, as it was entering the town from the other end. Borne down by numbers, and seeing two of their body killed, our people were seized with a panic, and fled, leaving their Capt. KIRKWOOD to stand near fifty shots before he was taken. Lieut. SILLS, retreating into the castle, was presently afterwards obliged to render himself prisoner to General HUMBERT, who sent him away the next day to the ships, to be carried to France. The reason of the distinction made between the treatment of this officer and that of Capt. KIRKWOOD was, because SILLS was not only an officer of fencibles, but an Englishman, whom the French, upon all occasions, affected to discriminate from the natives of a country, to which they were come to offer the valuable gift of liberty. One of the bishop's guests, the Rev. Doctor THOMAS ELLISON of Castlebar, having been formerly an officer in the army, felt his military ardour revive with

Be so obliging most learned Bishop as to explain the meaning of the word affected

with the news of the enemy's approach; he bravely shouldered a musquet with the yeomen, stood the first fire in the street, and was one of the last that retreated to the castle, after receiving a hurt in the heel from a spent ball. The bishop, having seen the yeomen and fencibles collected for opposing the enemy, had retired into his garden to arm his mind for the emergency, whence he heard the vollies in the street, as if they were close at his ears.

Of our yeomen about nineteen were secured by the French, and ordered into close custody at the castle. The room chosen for their prison was the drawing-room, the best apartment in the house, where they were detained three or four days, without permission to go out even for the occasions of nature. Yet the honest poor men took all possible pains to avoid injuring the room or furniture; so that, when they were at length sent off to Ballina, it was found no difficult matter to set all to rights again in that apartment.

All

All opposition being now at an end, the French general marched into the castle yard at the head of his officers, and demanded to see *Mons. l'Evêque.* Very fortunately for his family, and indeed, as it afterwards appeared, for the town and neighbourhood, the bishop was tolerably fluent in the French language, having in his youth had the advantage of foreign travel. HUMBERT desired him to be under no apprehension; himself and all his people should be treated with respectful attention, and nothing should be taken by the French troops but what was absolutely necessary for their support: a promise which, as long as those troops continued in Killalla, was *most religiously observed*, excepting only a small sally of ill humour or roughness on the part of the commander towards the bishop, which shall be related presently.

Monsieur l'Evêque proves himself to be a man of Education "Oh! that "mine Enemy "would write "a Book!

In the midst of all his hurry in giving the necessary orders for landing the remainder of his force, and appointing their quarters, Gen. HUMBERT found time that very evening to enter into a pretty long conversation

with the bishop on the object of this invasion, and the sanguine hopes he entertained of its speedy and complete success. Such a powerful armament was to be sent out without delay from the French ports to second this primary adventure, that not a doubt could in reason subsist, but Ireland would be a free and happy nation, under the protection of France, within the space of a month. A directory was immediately to be set up in the province of Connaught, some of the members of which were already appointed; but there was still a place for a person of the ability and consequence of the Bishop of Killalla, if he chose to embrace the fortunate opportunity, at once of serving himself, and liberating his country. The bishop at that time made no answer, except by a bow to the personal compliment; but when the application was afterwards seriously repeated to him in their common bedchamber by the two principal officers, HUMBERT and SERRASIN, he smiled, and said he had taken too many oaths of allegiance to his Sovereign to have it in his power to change. They replied, he was a man of honour,

honour, and that it was far from the intention of their government to force liberty upon any man.

What Villain!

The remainder of the first evening was employed in a strict examination of captain KIRKWOOD, the magistrate, as to the supplies that could be drawn from the town and neighbourhood to assist the progress of the invaders. The queries were interpreted by some Irish officers who came with the French. Mr. KIRKWOOD answered with such an appearance of frankness and candour, that he gained the esteem of the French general, who told him he was on his parole, and should have full permission to return to his family, and attend to his private affairs. But this good humour between them did not continue long. KIRKWOOD had a sickly wife, an amiable woman, of whom he was doatingly fond. The terror of the invasion wrought so upon her weak nerves, that, after escaping on the first night to the castle, she crept away the day after to some hiding place in the mountains four or five miles from the town, from

which she sent word to her husband that she was but just alive. Attentive only to her, he forgot his parole of honour to the French; and it was not till after he had been some time by his wife's bedside, that he recollected the circumstance of his having transgressed the bounds within which he had promised to confine himself. Not knowing what punishment he might have incurred by this breach of the laws of war, he took the desperate resolution of withdrawing himself to the wild district of Erris, about ten miles from Killalla, on the sea-coast, into which a carriage cannot pass, as it is a frightful tract of bog and mountain, though tolerably well peopled. Here he remained several days with only one attendant, in constant dread of being robbed and murdered by the rebels, and forced to take up his residence at night in caves among the rocks, when he could not reach a smoky hut belonging to some peasant whom he could trust. At one time especially, he owed his life to the good offices of FERDINAND O'DONNEL, a young man, a tenant under the see of Killalla, who was soon to make a conspicuous

conspicuous figure in these troubles. O'DONNEL had been employed in some little post in the revenue at Cork, whence he had lately returned to his own country, to look after his small farm, and to take care of his mother, a young brother, and sisters. He knew Mr. KIRKWOOD; as indeed no man was better known nor more popular in all that neighbourhood, being a good-humoured man, well versed in the Irish language, and useful as a merchant conducting an extensive trade between Killalla and the Irish and English ports. With difficulty O'DONNEL was able to protect the fugitive for one night only in his farm-house; but he incurred the hatred of the rebels so much by this act of humanity, that after sending away KIRKWOOD in the morning, he was fain to take the road to Killalla himself the same day. It is more than probable however, that he was glad of the pretence for running to the scene of action, where his vanity whispered him, that he should find occasion to distinguish himself. KIRKWOOD soon after, by the help of a trusty protestant of the name of ROGERS, contrived to make his situation known

known to the bishop, who represented the business to the French officers in such a light, as proceeding merely from inadvertence, that a passport was granted, in consequence of which, Mr. KIRKWOOD, after many intervening perils, found means to get back to Killalla. There he had reason to mourn over the ill consequences of the hasty step he had taken, when he quitted the defence of his house and property. Enraged at his breach of parole, the French had taken every thing they wanted out of his stores, oats and salt and iron to a considerable amount; nor had they been careful to prevent depredations by the rebels in his dwelling-house, as they would have done if he had not fled; so that when he returned, he found it almost a wreck. But it is time to look back to what happened at the castle in the commencement of the invasion.

What villains these preachers are!

What business have french Republicans to be enraged at any thing

For a century past Ireland had known nothing of the horrors of war, but from description. Our obscure corner of the island had less reason than almost any other part to look for a disturbance from foreign enemies.

No Ireland had "known nothing of War" "the Horrors of War" for a Century past

Wars in civilised countries has nothing to do with the Horrors of Italy Hanging, burning, picketing Whipping &c. &c. of which you Bishop can give a better account than I can.

enemies. Neither was there just cause of suspicion, that the county of Mayo, at least, had caught any portion of that malignant spirit of disloyalty and religious intolerance, the effects of which in the county of Wexford, we in Connaught had been lately deploring, not without a mixture of gratulation on our own escape from the like. It is not to be wondered therefore, if taken in the midst of profound security, the inhabitants were seized with a panic, as general as it was terrible.

Religious intolerance!!!

The dining room at the castle, which a few minutes before witnessed nothing but mirth and festivity, was filled immediately from one end to the other with French officers and soldiers dragging in arms and baggage, with prisoners undergoing examination, and in one part with a surgeon and assistants dressing a severe wound received in the late skirmish by a surly looking officer of the French grenadiers. All the lower part of the house, together with the court yard and offices, was occupied by the soldiery, to the number of at least three hundred.

What a Rascal he must be to look surly in a Bishops Room merely because he was badly wounded. These grenadiers are strange fellows

And here it would be an act of great injustice to the excellent discipline constantly maintained by these invaders while they remained in our town, not to remark, that with every temptation to plunder, which the time, and the number of valuable articles within their reach, presented to them from a sideboard of plate and glasses, a hall filled with hats, whips, and great coats, as well of the guests as of the family, not a single particular of private property was found to have been carried away, when the owners, after the first fright was over, came to look for their effects, which was not for a day or two after the landing. Immediately upon entering the dining room, a French officer had called for the bishop's butler, and gathering up the spoons and glasses, had desired him to take them to his pantry.

On the middle floor of the new house, the drawing room, as I said, was converted into a prison for the yeomen, till they were sent on the 26th to Ballina, when it returned to the possession of the family. A store-

room

room on the same floor was left undisturbed; the two bed-chambers adjoining were reserved for the general and his principal officers. The attic story, containing a library and three bed-chambers, continued sacred to the bishop and his family. And so scrupulous was the delicacy of the French not to disturb the female part of the house, that not one of them was ever seen to go higher than the middle floor, except on the evening of their success at Castlebar, when two officers begged leave just to carry to the family the news of the battle, and seemed a little mortified that the intelligence was received with an air of dissatisfaction.*

* One of these officers observed to a brother officer in the town, who interpreted for him in the house where he lodged, that there was no hope of attaching the bishop's family to their cause, for that, while he was announcing the victory at Castlebar, he could see despair painted in their faces. It was some time before the French could believe, that no protestant would join them. The only persons of the established church that did so, were two drunken sots of Killalla, who, thinking apostacy the fittest prelude to treason, before they embraced the French party, did first publicly declare themselves converts to the church of Rome.

Take Care Bishop, Take care – Don't

D

you know that to your Master in Downing Street this Ward, particularly disagreeable

It is not easy by any force of language to convey an adequate idea of the miseries of that first night, which succeeded to the landing of the enemy. To the terrified imaginations of the town's people the castle instantly presented itself, as the only place where they could have a chance of safety. Thither accordingly they fled, without distinction of age, sex or condition, forcing their way into every corner of the house and offices, occupying the stair-cases, spreading through the bed-chambers, and some of them even thrusting themselves and their children into the same beds with the infants of the bishop's family. Women that had lain sick in their beds for a month before, and one old lady past eighty, who was bedrid, and believed to be at the point of death, gathering strength from despair, contrived to work their way to the very top of the house. Chairs were placed round the lobby of the attic story, on which the family, with some of their principal acquaintance, remained without a thought of repose for the whole night. Indeed, the leaden hand of sleep could not have closed any eye-lids but

but those of an infant. The whole house resounded like a bedlam with the loquacity of the Frenchmen below, and the shrieks and groans of the fugitives above. Among the last, there wanted not some who sought consolation from the whiskey bottle, in consequence of which they became presently so clamorous and troublesome that it was found necessary to restrain them by force.

Of the company that had dined at the castle that day, two clergymen made their escape on foot, and gained the neighbouring mountains, leaving their horses to be seized by the French. The Dean of Killalla (parish minister of the town), the Rev. THOMAS THOMPSON, brought his wife and children from his own dwelling to the castle, where they were sheltered with the cordiality due to the uncommon excellence of their character, and continued there till a gracious Providence wrought our deliverance. The bishop had every reason to rejoice, that, in his distress, he should have been so fortunate as to be assisted by the judgment, the steadiness and temper of

Gracious Providence!

Have you no other Consolation Bishop? How did the French behave? Did they ravish yr Wife or any of yr Daughters

Dean THOMPSON and Doctor ELLISON. This last gentleman indeed continued with him but one week, being dismissed on his parole to Castlebar; but, wherever he was, the bishop felt the beneficial effects of his active and friendly disposition. The Rev. ROBERT NIXON, curate of the parish, a most worthy and valuable young man, was also an inmate at the castle during the whole time of the troubles. The Rev. Mr. LITTLE, from the neighbouring parish of Lackan, embraced the same asylum, after he had been driven from his parsonage by the insurgents, who left him neither house nor property. The bishop's own family consisted of himself, his lady, his sister-in-law Mrs. COPE, the Rev. JAMES BURROWES (private tutor), a young nephew, and eleven children.* The servants were thirteen in number.

The two ladies, who had the principal direction of a family of this size, will naturally attract attention. Curiosity will be excited to enquire in what manner they

* Mrs. STOCK had four other children abroad: two married daughters, and two officers serving in the army.

conducted

conducted themselves under the impression of a reverse of fortune so terrifying, and so utterly unexpected.† As the present narrative belongs more properly to the class of private history than of public, the reader may be assured his desire of information in this particular should have been gratified, had it been possible to satisfy it without hurting the feelings of the parties concerned. Female heroism shrinks away from the meed of human praise; because it most commonly inherits the temper of its natural parent, piety, that chaste though ardent piety, which would gladly hide itself from the notice of every being, except the Supreme. Let it be sufficient to observe, that the power of religion to chase away from minds rightly imbued

Anguish, and doubt, and fear, and sorrow, and pain,
Par. L. I. 558.

was never more completely exemplified than in the whole behaviour, during their sharp trial, of those very persons, whose entreaties have restrained my pen from doing them justice.

† That is, were by ruffian gentlemen, who however, very luckily did not attempt to rase them, shorten them in the arms of their parents or stop them.

Most happily preserved, more glorious Bishop

On

On the morning after his arrival, HUMBERT began his military operations by pushing forward to Ballina a detachment of a hundred men, forty of whom he had mounted on the best horses he could lay his hands upon in the country. On the road he concealed under the arch of a bridge, adjoining to Killalla, a serjeant's guard, to watch the motions of any straggling party from the enemy, a measure of prudence which proved fatal to the Rev. GEORGE FORTESCUE (nephew to Lord CLERMONT), a clergyman of the diocese of the fairest character. This young gentleman, who had been enrolled in his brother's troop in the county of Louth, had put himself at the head of a reconnoitring party from Ballina, and falling in with the ambuscade, received a wound in his groin, of which he died in great agonies, but with the most exemplary patience and resignation, about nine days after. The carabineers and yeomanry of Ballina, after a short resistance, consulted their safety by flight, leaving the town, and one of their company, in the hands of the French, a

Newport

Newport cavalier, who was surprised in his bed before he had time to escape.

The person of this prisoner chancing to be large and corpulent, General HUMBERT chose to make a public exhibition of him, as the *spolia opima* of his victory. Placing him, therefore, in his uniform, at his left hand, in a curricle drawn by two handsome horses, late the property of poor Mr. FORTESCUE, the general rode back from Ballina into Killalla in triumph, amidst the acclamations of a great crowd of peasantry, as well as of his army. The indolent captive, as he carried his eyes quietly round the throng, looked not unlike a sea-lion just awaked out of his sleep.

In war, it is said, the first success is every thing. The maxim was at least verified here by the instant accession of many hundreds of the country people to the cause of the French, which they affected to style the cause of Ireland and liberty. A green flag was mounted over the castle gate, with the inscription ERIN GO BRAGH, importing,

porting, as I am told, *Ireland for ever!* This flag was the signal to invite as many as had the spirit so assert their freedom to join a brave people, who were come for no other purpose but to make them independent and happy. The generous purpose was to be forwarded by the immediate delivery of arms, ammunition, and clothing to the new levies of the country. Property was to be inviolable. Ready money was to come over in the ships expected every day from France. In the meantime, whatever was brought in voluntarily, or taken by necessity to answer the occasions of the army, should be punctually paid for in drafts on the future directory, of which the owners of the goods demanded were courteously invited to accept. For the first two or three days many people did apply for such drafts to the French commissary of stores, whose whole time appeared to be taken up with writing them. Indeed the bishop himself was of opinion, that the losers would act wisely to accept of them; not, as he told the people, that they would ever produce payment where it was promised, but because they might serve as docu-

documents to our own government, when at a future period it should come to inquire into the losses sustained by its loyal subjects. The trouble however of the commissary, in issuing drafts on a bank in prospect, was not of long duration. The people smiled first, and he joined in the smile himself at last, when he offered the airy security.

But if cash was wanting, the promise of clothing and arms to the recruits was made good on the spot, and to a considerable extent. Chests containing each forty fusils, and others filled with new French uniforms and gaudy helmets, being heaped together in the castle-yard, the first that offered their service received complete clothing; and these, by credible report, were about a thousand in number. The next comers, who were at least as many, had every thing but shoes and stockings. To the last, arms only were given. And of arms Col. CHAROST assured the bishop not less than 5500 stand were in this place delivered out to the insurgents. The musquets were pronounc-

ed, by those who were judges of them, to be well fabricated, though their bore was too small to admit English bullets. The carabines were remarkable for their goodness. Swords and pistols, of which there was no great plenty, were reserved as marks of distinction, to be distributed only to the rebel officers.

It was a melancholy spectacle to those in the castle, to witness the eagerness with which the unfortunate rustics pressed forward to lay hold of these fatal trappings, the sure harbingers of their own speedy destruction. A very little penetration was required to discover the madness of expecting final success in an enterprise, conducted by such a force, against an army at that time in the kingdom of probably not less than a hundred thousand men. But though the bait was visible to people of any sense, to the multitude it certainly was in no small degree alluring.

The uncombed ragged peasant, who had never before known the luxury of shoes and

and stockings, now washed, powdered, and full dressed, was metamorphosed into another being, the rather because the far greater part of these mountaineers were by no means deficient either in size or person. 'Look at these poor fellows,' said HUMBERT with an air of triumph to the bishop, 'they are made, you find, of the same 'stuff with ourselves.' A still stronger temptation offered itself to people unaccustomed to animal food, in a full enjoyment of fresh meat.† The lowest allowance of beef for a day was one pound to each recruit. This was devoured with an avidity, that excited sometimes the mirth, sometimes the contempt of their French associates. An officer protested, that having for curiosity trusted an Irishman at once with an allowance of eight pounds of dressed meat, he saw the creature throw himself on the ground, and begin to gnaw it so eagerly, that he was sure he would not rise till he had consumed it.

The expectation of spoil undoubtedly came in for a full share of the inducements, that prompted the indigent to shake off the

restraints of civil rule, and armed him against his wealthy neighbours. It is a debt due to justice, however, to observe, that if the first who joined the enemy were enticed by hope to a foreign standard, very many took the same road afterwards merely through fear. Great pains were employed by the early insurgents to frighten their neighbours into the same inclosure of peril with themselves, partly by the most horrid menaces in case of refusal to join the common cause, and partly by spreading lies of the protestants, whom they represented as Orangemen, universally bent on the excision of catholics.

What Calumniators!!

When the united weight of so many temptations is duly estimated, operating besides on a body of peasantry already estranged from their protestant neighbours by difference of religion, language and education, it will rather be matter of surprise, that so little mischief was the result of the insurrection in Connaught, and that we had not the same horrid scenes of cruelty and religious intolerance to mourn over, as had lately stamped

An Apology !!!!!!! Good Bish

stamped indelible disgrace on the eastern province. It is a circumstance worthy of particular notice, that during the whole time of this civil commotion, not a drop of blood was shed by the Connaught rebels, except in the field of war. It is true, the example and influence of the French went a great way to prevent sanguinary excesses. But it will not be deemed fair † to ascribe to this cause alone the forbearance of which we were witnesses, when it is considered, what a range of country lay at the mercy of the rebels for several days after the French power was known to be at an end.

† That's right Bishop, don't ascribe too much of good to so bad a people – people that you know yourself to be so bad.

These reflections are offered to the public as an apology for the opinion of certain persons, who became advocates for lenity, when, on the suppression of the rebellion, the treatment due to the insurgents was the object of discussion. Fire and sword was the language of gentlemen, whose loss by the war, though grievous and highly provoking, was only the loss of property. Milder sentiments may reasonably be allowed to have place in bosoms, which had throbbed

An Apology !!!!!!!! Good Bishop

throbbed with the apprehension of a greater mischief, than spoliation. Experience had taught them, that life is the first of worldly possessions: and having saved that blessing themselves, they could not be in haste to ravish it from others.

Indeed where there had appeared all along so few traces of rancour in these poor country folk, it was impossible for a spectator of their actions not to pity them for their very simplicity. It was such, that even the serious situation in which we were placed was frequently insufficient to repress our laughter at it. The coxcombry of the young clowns in their new dress; the mixture of good-humour and contempt in the countenances of the French, employed in making puppies of them; the haste of the undressed to be as fine as their neighbours, casting away their old clothes long before it came to their turn to receive the new; above all, the merry activity of a handsome young fellow, a marine officer, whose business it was to consummate the vanity of the recruits by decorating them with helmets

mets beautifully edged with spotted brown paper to look like leopard's skin, a task which he performed standing on a powder barrel, and making the helmet fit any skull, even the largest, by thumping it down with his fists, careless whether it could ever be taken off again—these were circumstances that would have made you smile, though you had been just come from seeing your house in flames. A spectacle not less provoking to mirth presented itself to your view, if you followed the new soldiers after they had received their arms and cartridges, and observed their manner of using them. It was common with them to put in their cartridges at the wrong end, and when they stuck in the passage (as they often did) the inverted barrel was set to work against the ground, till it was bent and useless. At first they were trusted with balls, as well as with powder. But this practice was not repeated, after it had gone near costing his life to General HUMBERT. As he was standing at an open window in the castle, the general heard a ball whistle by his ear, discharged by an aukward recruit in the yard below,

below, whom he instantly punished with an unmerciful caning. The ball passed into the cieling, where the mark of it is still apparent. Lastly, it was quite unsuitable to the spirit of these rustic warriors to keep their firelocks idle till they should come in sight of an enemy, when there were so many inferior animals on which they might be tried. A crowd got about CHAROST one day, clamouring for a supply of powder and shot. 'Tell them,' said the commandant in a passion, 'they shall have no more, 'till I am sure they will not waste their 'charges upon ravens.'*

The

* The raven is an object of pursuit for his quills. It was remarked that these birds, not common before in our fields, began to multiply, in proportion as unburied bodies (a curse on war!) became a spectacle familiar to us. The reader will pardon a short digression for the sake of recording an incident, of which the author of these pages was an eye-witness.

About the time of our greatest peril, when we first learned the news of Ballinamuck, a more than ordinary cawing and chattering had for some days together been observed to take place in the rookery adjoining to the bishop's

The French, it is well known, are a nation apt enough to consider themselves as superior to any people in the world; but here indeed it would have been ridiculous not to prefer the Gallic troops in every respect before their new allies. Intelligence, activity, temperance, patience, to a surprising degree, appeared to be combined in the soldiery that came over with HUMBERT, together with the exactest obedience to discipline. Yet, if you except their grenadiers, they had nothing to catch the eye. Their stature for the most part was low, their complexions pale and sallow, their clothes much the worse for the wear; to a superficial observer they would have appeared incapable of enduring almost any

bishop's garden. At length a cloud of birds was seen to mount into the air from the grove, which dividing themselves into two regular battalions of crows and ravens, engaged in a combat of several minutes in the upper regions with so much fury, that a company walking in the garden distinctly heard the dashing of their wings against one another. In the end, victory declared for the crows; the intruding ravens took flight, and peace was restored to the old tenants of the grove. It will hardly be wondered, if, under our then depression of mind, we accepted comfort even from augury.

Who would not suffer a Digression for such an Incident as this — by related by an Eye-Witness too.

hardship. These were the men, however, of whom it was presently observed, that they could be well content to live on bread or potatoes, to drink water, to make the stones of the street their bed, and to sleep in their clothes, with no covering but the canopy of Heaven. One half of their number had served in Italy under BONAPARTE; the rest were from the army of the Rhine, where they had suffered distresses, that well accounted for thin persons and wan looks. Several of them declared with all the marks of sincerity, that, at the siege of Mentz, during the preceding winter, they had for a long time slept on the ground in holes made four feet deep under the snow. And an officer, pointing to his leather small-clothes, assured the bishop, that he had not taken them off for a twelve-month.

HUMBERT, the leader of this singular body of men, was himself as extraordinary a personage as any in his army. Of a good height and shape, in the full vigour of life, prompt to decide, quick in execution, apparently master of his art, you

you could not refuse him the praise of a good officer, while his phisiognomy forbad you to like him as a man. His eye, which was small and sleepy (the effect, probably of much watching) cast a side-long glance of insidiousness, and even of cruelty; it was the eye of a cat preparing to spring on her prey. His education and manners were indicative of a person sprung from the lowest orders of society, though he knew how (as most of his countrymen can do) to assume, where it was convenient, the deportment of a gentleman. For learning, he scarcely had enough to enable him to write his name. His passions were furious, and all his behaviour seemed marked with the characters of roughness and violence. A narrower observation of him, however, served to discover that much of this roughness was the result of art, being assumed with the view of extorting by terror a ready compliance with his commands. Of this truth the bishop himself was one of the first who had occasion to be made sensible.

Boats were necessary to transport the artillery and stores from the ships, cars and horses to forward them by land; and these were to be procured without delay, the life of the present enterprise consisting in dispatch. High prices were offered; but the fishermen of Killalla at first kept out of the way, and of the cars none could be got but what were seized at the first onset. Application therefore was made to the bishop, whose answer was (what was really true) that he had no authority in that place, civil or personal; that he was not a magistrate, nor had time to be acquainted with the people, having settled himself in the town, from another part of the kingdom, only a few months before. HUMBERT replied, that he should not have troubled his lordship, if the proper magistrate had not fled, in violation of his parole; that he cared little by what means the bishop should contrive to get him what he wanted, but as he was the principal inhabitant, he must and would charge him with the office of producing boats and cars, and that by the very next morning. The bishop, in HUMBERT's presence,

presence, desired his people to go out into the town, and try to convince the inhabitants that the general's orders must be obeyed.

Next morning, when neither boat nor car appeared, HUMBERT became furious. He poured forth a torrent of vulgar abuse, roared, stamped, laid his hand frequently on a scimitar that battered the ground, presented a pistol at the bishop's eldest son, and at last told the bishop himself, that he would make him sensible he was not to be trifled with, for he would punish his disobedience by sending him instantly to France. Orders to this effect were given on the spot to an officer, who delivered him in charge to a corporal's guard, only allowing him time to put on his hat. The inhabitants stared in silence, as they saw the bishop conducted on foot through the town. The French soldiers marched him at a good pace along the road that led to the ships, and seemed to have received orders not to answer any of his questions.

Pretty doings!

When

When they had advanced about half a mile, and were beginning to pass a hill that would have concealed the town from their view, they were overtaken by an express on horseback with the general's orders to return. On entering the castle, the bishop was hailed with the gratulations of the French officers, and excuses for the conduct of their commander, a hasty man, they said, but very good-natured. HUMBERT himself received him on the stairs with an apology for what he had done, pleading necessity, an apology which was readily admitted. Indeed the bishop had felt no apprehension at any time, that the menace would be seriously carried into effect. He knew the French could not want his presence, nor his assistance as an interpreter; and he saw, through its disguise, the real object of HUMBERT's affected fury, which ended, as that officer had expected, in the immediate appearance of the people of whom he was in search. The bishop's danger, if there was any, was so quickly over, that happily the greater part of his family knew nothing of it till it was past.

Scarcely,

But Humbert's Eye had a "Side-Glance & Cruelty. See page 35

Scarcely, however, had he got clear of one disagreeable business, when another was thrown in his way. Every thing being ready for a march by Saturday, the 25th, the French general determined to leave behind him at Killalla two hundred of his own soldiers under the command of half a dozen officers, to secure himself a retreat, in case of miscarriage, to his ammunition, a large proportion of which, to the amount of 280 barrels of 100 pounds each, could not be immediately forwarded for want of the means of conveyance. But this was not the ostensible reason for leaving the men. It was pretended, that they were suffered to remain out of pure compassion to the protestants of the vicinity, whose lives might be in danger from the new levies, while the French were elsewhere employed. Hostages therefore must be taken at least as far as Ballina, in exchange for the six officers that should be left to keep the peace at Killalla; and the bishop was given to understand, that he himself and one of his sons must make a part of the number. Remonstrances were vain. The bishop found himself

Unlucky Bishop! What Perils were thine.

It is clear that this could not be the case, because the french proved very clearly by their prior conduct that they wished all the protestants

Bishops, priests & deacons to be massacred! Not this French Bishop

himself obliged to communicate the unwelcome tidings to the family, and to order his chaise for the following morning.

At no one period of their calamity, perhaps, did the patience of the women sustain a ruder assault. To be separated, under such circumstances, from their principal human support, for a time unknown, perhaps for ever (for it was then said and believed, that the hostages were destined to follow every where the camp and fortunes of the invaders), this was bitter news. Mrs. THOMPSON, the dean's lady, sunk under it into a swoon: advanced in her pregnancy, she had nerves that did not keep pace with the excellent temper of her mind. Mrs. STOCK and Mrs. COPE said nothing. But the eye, that met their eyes during that scene of anguish, feels a dimness at the reviewal of it.

Next morning (Sunday) the prospect cleared up a little, though still unpleasant. The general had changed his mind, and would accept of the bishop's eldest son in place of the

the father. It was a strange alleviation of pain, to be derived from exposing to danger a son, who had found favour with every body that knew him, as well as with his parents. But the youth (a college lad under nineteen) thought nothing of a danger from which his father was exempted, and went off chearfully with the other four hostages, whom the bishop was ordered to nominate; for HUMBERT had consented to take but one of the sons instead of two. The four named were JOHN KNOX, Esq. of Bartrach, THOMAS KIRKWOOD, lieutenant of the Tyrawley cavalry, JAMES RUTLEDGE, custom-house officer, and the curate Mr. NIXON.

With a levity which seemed to mark the general tenor of his conduct, HUMBERT signified to the hostages, presently after their arrival at Ballina, that they were at liberty to go home again. He himself marched his forces directly towards Castlebar, leaving one TRUC, an ignorant brute of an officer with a few French and a rabble of the Irish, to retain possession of Ballina. TRUC would not confirm the indulgence, granted by the

general, till the day following; so that the five gentlemen passed a most unquiet night amidst a crew of drunken and insolent rebels, with scarcely any accommodation. The horses, on which they rode to Ballina, were not to be found next day; but the hostages were glad to find their way back again on foot.

The charge of Killalla, with the title of commandant, was committed to Mr. CHAROST, *chef de demi-brigade*, which answers to our title of lieutenant-colonel. The choice proved a fortunate one for the town, CHAROST being a man of sense and honour, in short, in every respect the opposite of TRUC. This officer began his command by obliging the bishop so far as to grant a passport to Captain HILL, the worthy register of the diocese, empowering him to go home to Limerick. By him the bishop found the much desired opportunity of conveying a letter to his friends in Dublin, the only one they received from him till the town was recovered. A verbal account however of the family was carried to Dublin

lin by Doctor ELLISON, who got leave from CHAROST on the 29th to return to Castlebar, from which town he followed his lady and family to the capital. Mr. JOHN THOMPSON, the dean's brother, was permitted, at the same time with Doctor ELLISON, to go to his house in Castlebar, where he hospitably entertained the bishop's son ARTHUR, when he was presently after sent to the same town in quality of hostage.

Though the enemy took away nothing with them, when they moved, but what was necessary for their operations in the field, yet that necessity was found to comprehend the best part of what the country possessed, whether of stock or victuals. The bishop's larder and cellar, both plentifully stored at that season, scarcely sufficed for three days. Every thing that he had in the fields disappeared: corn, potatoes, cattle, were all wanted, and taken from *him*, before any thing was touched that belonged to the poor. Of his kitchen grate so incessant use was made from early morning even to midnight, that the chim-

ney was on fire more than once, and in the middle of summer above thirty ton of coals lasted only one month. His stables yielded nine horses of his own (most of them good ones) with proper furniture; and his guests contributed about half a dozen more. The coach-house was stript of nothing but harness, those brave officers despising the luxury of a chaise. Cars, carts, and a large waggon, with their furniture, went of course. In three days he had lost to the value of 600l. But it was clear, that even this damage was nothing in comparison of what he must have sustained, if he had fled, (as he was advised, and even offered the means to do) on the first approach of the French. The ruin of his house and furniture, both valuable, would have been the consequence; not to speak of the mischiefs throughout the neighbourhood, which he was happy enough by his presence and exertions to avert.

The enemy's main body had hardly marched from Killalla, when a flag of truce arrived from Castlebar, carried by Captain

GREY of the carabineers. It came under the pretence of enquiring after an officer, who was wounded and made prisoner at Ballina; but the object of it was to learn the force of the enemy. As soon as this was known, Captain GREY privately desired us not to be uneasy, for a force equal to three times their number was waiting at Castlebar to give a good account of them. This happened on Sunday. How distressing then to the friends of government was the intelligence, received within twenty-four hours after by express from SERRASIN, the second in command of the French army, that a complete victory had been gained by them over our troops, eight hundred of whom were taken or slain, ten pieces of cannon had fallen into their hands, and Castlebar had surrendered to them! 'Irish 'liberty,' concluded the letter triumphantly, 'is established.'

The writer of this narrative professes only to describe what he saw and felt. It is not his business therefore, if he were competent to the task, to trace the events of an invasion,

sion, the first successes of which caused so much astonishment, or to shew by what means a handful of men continued so long to brave the force of a whole kingdom, men, who, from the time they missed their reinforcements from home, confessed their belief that they were no more than a forlorn hope sent to annoy the enemies of their country, and, that duty done, expected every hour to be forced to surrender themselves prisoners of war. The inhabitant of Killalla, cut off from the rest of Ireland, in front by the sea, and behind by a cordon of mountains, out of which the two only passages were continually guarded by the rebels, knew scarcely any thing that was going forward but what passed under his eyes.

A melancholy proof, that treason had a hand in the success of the French at Castlebar, was soon exhibited in the bishop's court-yard. Fifty-three deserters from the Longford militia marched in, amidst the shouts of the multitude, with their coats turned, and there exchanged the uniforms given them by their Sovereign, for the blue coats

coats of France! It was a strange sight, and to protestant spectators most provoking. To comfort the bishop, the commissary made him a present of the deserters' uniforms. He took the gift, foreseeing that he should ere long find naked bodies in plenty to cover with them. Report said, that in a few days the rebel camp at Killalla was joined by fourscore more deserters from the Longford and Kilkenny militia. Not a man of these infamous betrayers of their King and Country returned alive to his home.

From the day that succeeded the battle of Castlebar (Aug. 28) suspense was kept alive at Killalla, by the report of cannon on the inland side, by the appearance of a squadron of frigates in the offing, which were called French or English according to the wishes of the spectators. These ships varied in number from one or two to five, appearing irresolute what course to take, till at length three* went off towards Sligo; a fourth

* These were, as we learned afterwards, the Doris of 36 guns, Lord RANELAGH, the Melampus ditto, Captain MOORE,

a fourth of 32 guns, with a cutter of 16, continued hovering in the bay, and was at one time near losing her cutter on the bar. The French cherished hopes that it might be the squadron they expected from Brest, till on the 30th they saw the single frigate send out her boats to destroy two trading vessels, of which the French had taken possession, one to transport their ammunition which had just been all landed, the other to supply the town with forty ton of oatmeal. The crew of this last, seven Frenchmen, were carried to the frigate. The two sloops continued burning all night, and part of the next day. Some of the poor town's-people, venturing to board the oatmeal sloop to save what they could of so tempting a provision, narrowly escaped death by an eighteen pounder from the frigate.

As long as the two hundred French soldiers were suffered to remain for the defence

MOORE, and the Fox cutter of 12 guns, Lieutenant WALSH. The vessels that staid were the Cerberus, 32 guns, 18 pounders, Captain M'NAMARA, and the Hurler cutter, Captain J. NORWAY, carrying 16 carronades, eighteen pounders.

of

of Killalla, the protestant inhabitants felt themselves perfectly secure, though the number of insurgents, that poured in from the country to a camp they formed in the bishop's demesne, increased every hour. The case was sadly altered from the first of September. On that day the commandant shewed the bishop an order he had received from General HUMBERT to send away immediately to Castlebar the whole French garrison of Killalla, none excepted, but Mr. CHAROST himself, and another officer of the name of PONSON. These two were to keep the town with about two hundred of the Irish recruits.

All the horrors, that had been acted ot Wexford, now stared the loyalistes in the face. 'Famished wolves are closing us in on 'every side,' said they to CHAROST, 'and 'what can two men effect, though ever 'so brave and vigilant?' The commandant desired them to be quiet, assuring them that he would part with life sooner than abandon them; but he told the bishop, that as, by staying here to protect the protes-

o See page 39. where the worthy Bishop says "It was pretended" page

tants, he ran the hazard of losing his own liberty, he thought it but reasonable that one of the bishop's sons should go with the troops to Castlebar, to be an hostage for his person, in case of the English becoming again masters of Killalla. To this the bishop could not object. His second and third sons therefore drew lots, and the chance falling on ARTHUR, the third son, a lad just sixteen, he was sent away about seven in the evening, on a poor jade ill accoutred, to travel all night with the French. From that day till the engagement at Killalla, above three weeks after, his parents could hear nothing from him, nor he from them; so strictly were the passes guarded.

Poor Arthur!

Immediately after the departure of the foreigners, the commandant applied himself to make provision for the security of the district entrusted to him. A strong patrole, in different bodies, was ordered to parade through the town and its environs, to the distance of three miles, every night. But as reports of robberies and midnight

assaults

assaults came in continually, Mr. CHAROST thought it advisable to issue a proclamation, inviting all the inhabitants, without distinction of religion or party, to come to him, and receive arms and ammunition for their own defence, under no other condition than a promise of restoring them to him when he should call for them. The offer was presently embraced by the town's people, especially by the protestant part of them, who were most exposed to danger, and had been forced at the beginning of the invasion to deliver up their arms to the French. A distribution accordingly began to be made in the castle-yard, on the evening of Sept. 1st.

The commandant had now an opportunity of judging, whether the fears of the protestants from their popish neighbours were justly founded. As the patrole was setting at that time, the rebels (all romanists) began to murmur at trusting arms to the protestant town's-men, which they were sure, they said, would be employed against the French and their allies, the moment an

English force appeared. Nor did the mutineers want a leader. One MULHEERAN, a rebel officer, was their spokesman, a strong made stout fellow, who defended himself afterwards like a lion at the battle of Killalla against three or four troopers, all cutting him with their swords, and did not fall till his skull was hacked to pieces. This man resisted the commandant to his face, and went so far as to throw down the arms he had received from the French, when CHAROST told him he would trust all alike with arms, who chose to take a musquet in their own defence. The bishop laboured hard to pacify the malecontents, amidst darkness and clamour, and the confusion of three languages.

After an hour's struggle, several of the protestants, intimidated by the menaces of the others, returned the arms they had received, and said they would trust themselves to the protection of the patrole; which put an end, for that night, to the disturbance.

It was renewed, however, the two following days with unabating violence; till at length the protestants, harrassed by domiciliary visits of armed rebels in search of concealed weapons, agreed in a petition to the commandant that he would call in by proclamation what he had given out, and forbid in future any person's appearing in arms, except recruits for the French service. The terror of being thus stript of the means of defence was exaggerated by the alarming accounts of depredations on every side of Killalla to the distance of several miles. Not a night passed, but some house was rifled; scarce an hour in the day elapsed, in which the bishop was not importuned to lay some lamentation before the commandant, or to send out some guard for protection. Willing to do his best, he interpreted; he drew up petitions; he dispatched guards to protestant families in the neighbourhood; he went from house to house in the town to inquire after abuses; till in the evening always, and frequently in the day-time, he was forced to throw himself on a bed, unable to keep his feet.

Poor Bishop

Yet

What a surprizing fellow for an Bishop.

Yet his health and appetite seemed to be improved by the extraordinary fatigue, nor did he ever in his life sleep better.

But if it was doubtful whether arms might safely be committed to every inhabitant of Killalla, it admitted no dispute at all, that the town could not exist without some form of civil government. Depredators crowded in hourly from the country, to the equal annoyance and terror of every body that had property, whether catholic or protestant. The French, it was said, had divided the town and neighbourhood of Castlebar into districts, appointing over each a municipal officer, with a guard at his command, properly armed for the public defence; and the scheme had there had the desired success. A proclamation was therefore issued for establishing a similar form through the canton over which CHAROST presided. The country was thrown into departments; a magistrate, to be elected by his neighbours, was to take charge of each, with the help of a guard of sixteen or twenty men; arms and ammunition were

to

to be distributed to these, under an express stipulation, that neither officers nor men should be marched out of their respective departments, nor employed against their Sovereign, nor in any service except that of keeping the peace. The town of Killalla was committed to the protection of one hundred and fifty men, in three bodies, all to be observant of the orders of Mr. JAMES DEVITT, the civil magistrate unanimously chosen by the people, because he was a substantial tradesman, a Roman catholic, and a man of sense and moderation. He had under him two assistants, of his own religion. The benefits of this regulation were felt immediately in the establishment of tolerable order and quiet, at least in and about the town; and without doubt they would have been felt to a greater extent, if the French power had been firmer.

The example of Killalla was presently copied in the other departments. Magistrates were elected, always Roman catholics, but commonly of the better sort among them,

them, persons who had no desire to take arms against the British government. Some of these applied to the bishop for his opinion, whether they should incur the penalties of treason by acting under a foreign power, merely for the common safety, and under the conditions stated above. His answer was, that he was no lawyer; but having always found the law of England to be consonant to reason, he would take upon him to say, there could be no law forbidding to do, under these circumstances, what was absolutely enjoined by the great law of self-preservation. It is reported, that when the rebellion was over, several persons muttered against this doctrine: it might be conceded, they said, to the existing terror, but it was not sound, because it might be employed as an excuse for a tame and prompt submission to any invaders. To such tranquil declaimers on the merit of casting away life and property, in preference to bowing the head to a storm, it is obvious to reply, that had they changed situations with those who actually felt the distress, it is more than probable they would have seen

good

good reason to adopt the very conduct, which in the fulness of security they take upon them to condemn. To submit to a king *de facto*, and even to act by a commission from such a one to preserve the peace of the community, provided by so doing you do not preclude yourself from returning under the government of a king *de jure*, is a practice sanctioned by the authority of our most equitable English law.

For the defence of the castle, which was declared to be the head quarters of the allied army, a guard was drawn from the garrison, consisting of from sixteen to twenty men, who were seldom relieved above once in twenty-four hours. Of these, four watched at the commandant's door, in the lobby of the middle story; four were placed in the hall; the rest were distributed at the gates in back and front, which had luckily been repaired and made secure by the bishop just before the invasion. Policy concurred with charity in recommending these poor guards to our daily care: they were fed and lodged so much better than any other soldi-

ers, that it occasioned quarrels, and boxings among them sometimes, for a preference to be stationed on the castle-guard. And indeed they repaid the attention shewn to them, by every mark of respect in their power, and by assisting in little menial offices in and about the house wherever they were wanted.

How much such a set of Ruffians is to be dreaded!

Yet was the presence of such protectors a circumstance to the family most dreadful. The gates, the doors, every thing within as well without, our very existence was in custody of a band of rebels, who had the power at any instant to throw open the house to their companions abroad, and let in depredation at least, if nothing worse. And this was a mischief too, that happened not unfrequently. At Castle-Lackan, Castlereagh, and other houses belonging to protestants, where guards had been stationed, the soldiers proved traitors, and admitted rogues from without to plunder the families they were sent to defend. If plunder was attractive, few houses offered more temptations in that way than the bishop's, not only because

because it contained much valuable property of his own, but because, in spite of prudence, he could not refuse to let it become the repository of other people's goods. Plate, cash, leases and writings of consequence were crowded in upon him, with an eagerness that would take no denial, and with too little caution to render the affair a secret. The commandant was made acquainted with these several causes of apprehension, on our part, and distrust of his Irish friends. He made light of them for a long time, in a real or seeming confidence of retaining his authority over the rebels; though, as the final period of our captivity approached, his looks, as well as his redoubled precautions, shewed, that he began to be almost as uneasy as ourselves.

The commandant and the bishop, finding each other to be honest men, above the meanness of deceit, soon came to a mutual good understanding. CHAROST trusted the bishop with the sight of a letter from General HUMBERT to himself, enjoining him either to bury privately the powder left in his

This is candid Bishop & no doubt true, You have better than any one else whether you are an honest man or not. a

care, or to throw it into the sea, according as he should find it most prudent and feasible. As to conveying 280 barrels of powder from the castle-yard to the sea, through the midst of armed rebels, eagerly bent on seizing the powder for their own use, it required not many words to shew the extreme improbability of effecting such a scheme. It remained therefore to bury it, and that in some place within the walls of the castle, sufficient to contain and hide it. With the help of some labourers who continued faithful to him, and of his own domestics, the bishop contrived in several nights' continual work to bury ninety barrels under a hot-bed in the garden: the remainder was committed to a vault in the haggard under the corn-stand, where though it could not be said to be concealed, it was at least secured, as far as might be under the given circumstances, from the dreaded danger of firing by accident.

No less than three times, during our troubles, was this danger on the very point of being realized. The first time was in the French

French reign, when the kitchen chimney was set on fire by the immoderate use of the grate, as I mentioned above. On the second occasion, we were saved only by the providential direction of the wind from catching the flames of a cabin just beside us, which was fired by the King's troops when they entered the town on the 23d September. The third was the most alarming danger of all. On the evening of that same remarkable 23d of September, an honest inoffensive labourer of the bishop's quitted the castle to oblige his wife to stay within doors, who, with the fears of a woman great with child, was running wildly about the road in the midst of the fire from the army. He had seized her hand, and was hurrying her to his cabin, when a discharge of musquetry killed the man, and mortally wounded the woman. She was carried up to the granary in the castle, where she died that night. Without leave asked, without even apprising the family that they had brought the woman into the house, the foolish people about her began to wake the corpse by lighting a fire on the floor of the granary,

granary, with nothing under the turf but a wooden board. Presently smoke and flames were seen to roll out of the windows of an apartment distant but a few yards from the gunpowder in the haggard, and the wind pointing directly that way. At the same instant, all was confusion and uproar in the house: the victorious army was marching into quarters at Killalla, and the principal officers were busy in arranging matters for their own accommodation at the castle. It cost the bishop some labour to make the gentlemen listen to the story, and believe, that if they did not bestir themselves, the town and all its contents would very probably in a few minutes be erased from the face of the earth. By the active exertions principally of the Knight of Kerry, the fire was soon after got under.

From the time the French left us to the care of Mr. CHAROST, he and two officers under him messed with the bishop's family, where they were very welcome, being, under Providence, their sole protectors in the midst of so many perils. Whatever could be

† Why how now Bishop — Did you feel yourself in Safety when under the Protection of French officers? —

be effected by vigilance, resolution, and conduct for the safety of a place confided to them, was to a surprising degree effected for the district of Killalla by these three French officers, without the support of a single soldier of their own country; and that for the long space of twenty-three days, from the first of September to the day of the battle. It is natural to suppose, that in such a tract of time a tolerable insight must have been obtained into their characters; and where the part they acted was of so much consequence, the reader may expect some description of them.

Lieut. Col. CHAROST had attained to the age of five and forty. He was born in Paris, the son (as I was told) of a watchmaker in that city, who sent him over early to some connections in St. Domingo, where he was fortunate enough to marry a wife with a plantation for her dowry, which yielded him, before the troubles, an income of two thousand pounds sterling per annum. By the unhappy war which still desolates that island, he lost every thing, even to his

his wife and his only child, a daughter; they were taken on their passage to France, and sent away to Jamaica. His eyes would fill when he told the family, that he had not seen these dear relatives for six years past, nor even had tidings of them for the last three years. On returning to France, he embraced the military life, at first in the royal service, afterwards, when the times changed, in that of the republic, where he had risen by due degrees to the rank he now filled. His residence had been at Rochelle with a brother, with whom he had shared bed and board till he was called, at only three days notice, to go out on the present expedition. In person he was strong and vigorous, inclining to fat; his countenance was chearful, and on the whole, pleasing, notwithstanding a blemish in one eye; he had a plain, good understanding, which served him for all the uses that he put it to, and he had either no leisure or no liking to strain it with over labour. His religion, he told the bishop, he had yet to seek; because his father being a catholic, and his mother a protestant, they had left him the liberty of choosing

It is a pity, that some other persons, even some Bishops have not a similar understanding

chooſing for himſelf, and he had never yet found time to make the enquiry, which however he was ſenſible he ought to make, and would make at ſome time when heaven ſhould grant him repoſe. In the interim, he believed in God, was inclined to think there muſt be a future ſtate, and was very ſure that, while he lived in this world, it was his duty to do all the good to his fellow creatures that he could. The biſhop offered a preſent to this half-chriſtian of a book that might have ſatisfied his doubts, *La religion naturelle et revelée par l' Abbé Tremblay*. He was thankful; but it is not unlikely the ſight even of three ſmall volumes frightened him, for he never afterwards claimed the promiſe. Yet what he did not exhibit in his own conduct he appeared to reſpect in others; for he took care that no noiſe nor diſturbance ſhould be made in the caſtle on Sundays, while the family and many proteſtants from the town were aſſembled in the library at their devotions.

Kind Bishop

†

BOUDET, the next in rank to the commandant, was a captain of foot, a native of

† There are Offices not quite so delicate as this. You know what Offices, I allude to Bishop

Normandy, 28 years of age. His father, he ſaid, was yet living, though 67 years old when he was born. His height was ſix feet, two inches. In perſon, complexion, and gravity he was no inadequate repreſentation of the knight of La Mancha, whoſe example he followed in a recital of his own proweſs and wonderful exploits, delivered in meaſured language and an impoſing ſeriouſneſs of aſpect. He came to Killalla from the town of Newport-Pratt, which he aſſured us he had taken with his own hand, though defended by four Engliſh troopers; he had gallantly kept the place for three or four days, and retired from it only becauſe it was aſſailed by fifteen horſe—but we were not to be ſurpriſed that ſo much ſhould be atchieved by an officer, bred in the Ecole Militaire at Paris to be one of the late king's body-guard, trained from his childhood to arms, a man who had ſerved in Flanders and on the Rhine, and had more than once been obliged to trample on mountains of dead and dying men after a battle. To vanity he added a fault that does not often go along with it, pride. He valued himſelf on

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an education ſuperior to that of his companions in arms; was argumentative, contradictious, and iraſcible; ſo that his ſuperior officer found it no eaſy matter to maintain peace with him. His manner however, though diſtant, was polite; and he ſeemed to poſſeſs a more than common ſhare of feeling, if a judgment might be formed from the energy with which he declaimed on the miſeries of wars and revolutions. His integrity and courage appeared unqueſtionable. On the whole, when we became familiarized to his failings, we ſaw reaſon every day to reſpect his virtues.

The laſt of this trio was named PONSON, a curious contraſt in every reſpect to the character juſt deſcribed. In ſtature he did not exceed five feet, ſix inches; but if the body was little, it was alive from head to foot. Navarre gave him birth, the country of Henry IV. and his merry countenance recalled to mind the features of that celebrated monarch, though without the air of benevolence diffuſed through them; for this monkey ſeemed to have no great feeling for

any body but himſelf. Wherever he was, his preſence was teſtified by a noiſe as loud and as pertinacious as that of a corn-creak: it was a continued roll of talk, or laughter, or whiſtling. The decencies of poliſhed life he had probably never known; or if he had, he affected to deſpiſe them. Yet in a gloomy hour this eternal rattle had its uſe: it more than once kept our ſpirits buoyant, when terror preſſed heavieſt. I ſhall mention two inſtances. One day a crowd of pikemen, clamorous with ſome inſolent demand upon the commandant, appeared on the point of breaking down the caſtle-gate. The biſhop expreſſed his apprehenſions to Ponson. 'I will tell you what to do:' ſaid he: 'ſtep out among them ſuddenly, and 'cry *ſtop thief*, and they will every man of 'them take to their heels.' The other occaſion was that very ſerious one, when (as ſhall be related preſently) the news of the French overthrow had weakened the authority of the commandant to that degree, that the rebels were deterred from laying hands on the Proteſtants at Killalla only by the biſhop's propoſal of ſending ambaſſadors

dors to Caſtlebar to obtain good treatment for the rebel priſoners there. The biſhop and the commandant ſtood outſide at the gate, cloſe circled by malecontents; authority and argument had been tried by turns, mutinous whiſpers were going round, the final iſſue of the parley was very uncertain. At this critical moment appeared PONSON, coming in from the town, with a face expreſſive of horror. 'Commandant,' ſaid he, 'I have a ſhocking piece of news to tell you.' What news?' ſaid the other, who was not in a very good humour to liſten to any news. 'I am married,' cried PONSON—'married, I give you my oath, to Miſs ſuch a one,' naming the prettieſt girl in the town. 'This 'here wicked curate' (Mr. NIXON, whom he held by the arm) 'has tied the knot, be-'fore I could find out what he was about.' This ridiculous ſally, when explained to the by-ſtanders, relaxed the features of the whole company; ſcowling looks were dropt, and peace and mutual agreement ſucceeded.

PONSON

Ponson was hardy, and patient to admiration of labour and want of reſt. A continued watching of five days and nights together, when the rebels were growing deſperate for prey and miſchief, did not appear to ſink his ſpirits in the ſmalleſt degree. He was ready at a moment's notice to ſally out upon the marauders, whom, if he caught them in the fact, he belaboured without mercy, and without a ſymptom of fear for his own ſafety. Tied to a ſword as long as himſelf, and armed with piſtols, firelock and bayonet, he ſtretched himſelf up to view till he became terrific—at leaſt he frightened many a tall peaſant moſt heartily. He was ſtrictly honeſt, and could not bear the want of this quality in others; ſo that his patience was pretty well tried by his Iriſh allies, for whom he could not find names ſufficiently expreſſive of contempt. The worſt part of his character was that which related to religion. The commandant reported him to be a downright atheiſt. In his practice he went beyond the common herd of the French army, who, though they ſhewed no deſire to join in worſhip with any people

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(a circumſtance frightful to all, and aſtoniſhing to the roman catholics) yet reſpected the devotions of their neighbours. PONSON was a ſtouter ſinner. The firſt time he dined with the family at the caſtle, the biſhop obſerving him ſuddenly to quit the room, aſked the commandant what he meant. 'You will hardly believe,' ſaid CHAROST, 'that your ſaying grace to your meat appeared to him an action ſo very ridiculous, 'that as he knew it would be ill manners to 'laugh, he was forced to leave the table till 'he could ſuppreſs the emotion.' In fact the biſhop did *not* believe it, but in his own mind attributed the action to a more probable cauſe, vanity, the miſerable affectation of appearing to be more wicked than he really was.

Brave Bishop why cho' you believe that a french Monkey cud be more polite than an english protestant priest

With theſe three Frenchmen was ſome times joined an officer of theirs from Ballina, who bore the title of major O'KEON. A native of our barony of Tyrawley, O'KEON had received his education for the prieſthood in France, and had attained to a benefice of ſome value in the church, when the revolution,

volution, ſtripping him at once of profeſſion and livelihood, forced him to become a ſoldier for bread. The common road to a commiſſion in the French armies is now, I underſtand, length of ſervice in the ranks. By ſervice O'Keon was become either a major or a captain, for he was called indifferently by both names. He was a fat, jolly looking man, with a ruddy countenance that carried nothing forbidding in it, except that his black thick eye-brows ran into each other, as they often do in aboriginal Iriſh faces. Of the Engliſh tongue he retained enough to be quite intelligible; and being alſo expert in Iriſh as well as French, he was able to render conſiderable ſervice to his cauſe. His connections with this neighbourhood (for he had a father and two brothers near Ballina, heartily affected to the French) induce a ſtrong ſuſpicion of the truth of a ſtory which he gave out when he firſt landed, and to which he adhered to the laſt, that his being deſtined to this expedition was an accident, and that the ſquadron itſelf, which brought him over, was intended to invade, not Killalla, but Donegal. From his converſation

verſation the biſhop had conceived a good opinion of this man. His language breathed nothing but mildneſs and liberality; and indeed his behaviour was ſuitable, for he exerted himſelf on all occaſions to protect the loyaliſts, and frequently with the greateſt effect. At one time, particularly, he is ſaid to have prevailed on an armed mob at Ballina to drop their declared purpoſe of marching to Killalla to have all the proteſtants there impriſoned: it is even added, that he turned them back after they had actually advanced a part of the way. This conduct, whether he adopted it from principle or policy, contributed more, than his proving himſelf to be a naturalized Frenchman, to ſave his life afterwards on his court-martial at Caſtlebar. He eſcaped with ſome difficulty, with the help of an atteſtation in his favour from the biſhop among many others, and being forbid ever to return to the Britiſh territories, he expreſſed in Dublin, and more lately by letter from Yarmouth, the higheſt ſenſe of his obligations to the Biſhop. It is painful to add, that experience and further enquiry into the character of this quon-

Kind, liberal Bishop—

dam prieſt has convinced his benefactor, that the man was deficient both in morals and common honeſty.*

Before HUMBERT had quitted Killalla a perſon came to him from Ballina of the name of BELLEW. He was brother to doctor BELLEW, the titular biſhop of the ſee, and by his own report was not long ſince come from abroad to try to recover a patrimony, from the poſſeſſion of which he was unjuſtly detained by this brother. To the loyaliſts he proteſted, that the proſpect of being enabled to take vengence on his brother was his chief inducement for joining the French: to general HUMBERT he urged the merit of his military knowledge, acquired by eighteen years' ſervice under the emperor. He was taken by the general at his word, and preſently received from him a pompous commiſſion to be generaliſſimo of all the allies of France, levied and to be levied within a diſtrict extending from Ballina to Weſtport. It appeared, in the ſequel,

* He cheated the biſhop of twelve guineas, and he carried off from Dublin another man's wife.

quel, how little the French regarded their own commiſſions to Iriſhmen; for this man preſently ſhewing by his behaviour that he was a beaſtly drunkard almoſt to lunacy, CHAROST turned him out of his office with diſgrace, in the face of the rebel army, without waiting for HUMBERT's orders, and gave the charge of the levies to O'DONNEL. As long as he had any authority, *M. le general* BELLEW was a ſad nuiſance to the people of Killalla, particularly to the family of Mr. OWEN MORRISON, a worthy and very reſpectable proteſtant merchant, at whoſe houſe he choſe to take up his quarters. He there lived as in a conquered country, extorting by threats from his hoſts whatever he wanted, even to wearing apparel, getting drunk continually, lighting his pipe with paper torn from the walls of his apartment, and laying a heavy tax on the ſight and ſmell of every body that approached him, being to the laſt degree filthy in his perſon, and eaten up with the itch. When he got any freſh clothing, his practice was to put it over the old habiliments; ſo that he wore two or

Very clear proof indeed Bishop.

three ſhirts, and a pair of ſatin ſmall clothes, of Mr. MORRISON's, when he was hanged. For to this cataſtrophe the wretched creature deſervedly came at laſt. He was taken at the battle of Killalla, tried by the court-martial, and executed two days after in the biſhop's demeſne.

Bad as the ſituation of the owners of the caſtle during their captivity appeared to be, it muſt be confeſſed it was in many reſpects far better than that of the town's people. The caſtle, being head-quarters, was regularly ſupplied with proviſions, drawn from the plunder of the country; and the preſence of the French officers, added to the large family always reſident in it, left little room for intruders from the rebel army. In the town the caſe was different. There a ſcarcity next to famine ſoon appeared; rapine, the only ſource of ſubſiſtence, often failed of ſucceſs; every petty fellow, who could by theft or violence provide himſelf with a ſword and a caſe of piſtols, immediately took the name and authority of an officer, and lived (eſpecially in proteſtant houſes,

houſes, which were almoſt the only decent ones) at his diſcretion. Perſonal injuries indeed were rare, becauſe the municipal power was always at hand to reſtrain or puniſh them: but inſolence and avarice had their full ſwing. In popular commotions it has generally been obſerved, that natural talents go but a little way to procure influence; the leader of a mob is almoſt invariably the man that outgoes all the reſt in wickedneſs and audacity. An example, in proof of this obſervation, occurred on the morning of the ſixth of September.

The caſtle family were aſſembled at tea, and Mrs. STOCK and the commandant amuſing themſelves (as well as they could with two ſeparate languages) at a party of piquet, when word was brought that a Mr. GOODWIN, a proteſtant of the town, had juſt been ſent to priſon by Major FLANAGAN without a ſhadow of reaſon, and that he muſt remain in cuſtody till the morning, unleſs the commandant would come to his aid. This pretended major was a drunken

a drunken daring wretch, who had kept an ale-houſe at Killalla, and was but lately returned from the jail of Caſtlebar, where he had been confined on a charge of treaſon, and narrowly eſcaped tranſportation. The company roſe, and the gentlemen accompanied the commandant to the ſcene of diſturbance, Mr. MORRISON's houſe, the biſhop himſelf thinking the occaſion of that nature as to demand ſome riſk of his own perſon. At the door, where a great crowd had aſſembled, they found FLANAGAN on horſeback, drunk and very noiſy. The commandant, by his interpreter the biſhop, aſked the man his authority for committing people to priſon, commanded him to go and diſcharge his priſoner, and was anſwered ſaucily, that he would not let GOODWIN ſtir from the Prevôt that night, let who would order it. It was a very ſerious criſis. There was juſt light enough to diſcern in the faces of the ſurrounding multitude a doubt, a wavering between the two contending parties, which would probably be decided in favour of that which ſtood firmeſt to its point. BELLEW, the mock general, took the

What a perſon!

the part of his fellow drunkard, entreating him in a wheedling tone to give a promiſe, that he would ſet the priſoner at liberty in the morning. Moſt of the ſpectators were armed. Had a ſpirit of miſchief prompted any one of them to raiſe his weapon againſt the commandant and his company, a general maſſacre and anarchy would moſt probably have followed. CHAROST was ſenſible that all depended on ſteadineſs. With a ſtrong and firm tone he commanded FLANAGAN to quit his horſe. The culprit, looking round for help, and ſeeing none, obeyed. He was then deliberately ſtript by the commandant himſelf of his piſtols and ſword, and put under arreſt for diſobeying the orders of his ſuperior officer, when he was firſt ſpoken to. The place of his confinement, it was ſuppoſed, would, for that night at leaſt, be the houſe near which they were ſtanding, and already FLANAGAN's comrades, under a ſhew of reſpect for the arreſt, were leading him into Mr. MORRISON's, when the biſhop haſtily interpoſing cried out to the commandant not to let him go. The hint was taken, for the fellow

would

would ſurely have been liberated as ſoon as we had turned our backs. CHAROST took his arm, the tall NORMAN marched before him, PONSON ſtrutted behind, ſupported by the caſtle gentry, and the proceſſion arrived without let or moleſtation at the guard-room by the caſtle gate, where the mutineer was ordered to take up his quarters for the night. The crowd then diſperſed; GOODWIN was ſet at liberty; and after a two hour's confinement Mr. TOBY FLANAGAN was allowed to go about his buſineſs, diveſted of his borrowed authority, together with the enſigns of it, his ſword and piſtols, which the commandant would never afterwards ſuffer him to reſume. The biſhop met him at times in the ſtreet, and was certain from his ſcowling viſage that he meditated revenge. Indeed he had at all times an uncommon wickedneſs in his eyes, which, though dark and piercing, he was unable to fix ſteadily upon an honeſt man. His death therefore, on the day of Killalla, was the only one at the news of which the whole town ſeemed to concur in rejoicing; nor was the manner of it diſſimilar from

his life. He had fled from the battle into a houſe in the town. where he knew he had no chance of being long hid from his purſuers. So he joined a party of the victors as they were in full chace after the rebels, crying out 'that he would be their 'guide to the wicked croppies,' till coming to a place where two paſſages met, he pointed out one of them to the ſoldiers, and threw himſelf headlong into the other. 'That's a croppie himſelf,' exclaimed with an oath a FRASER fencible, who had kept his eyes upon him; and on the inſtant he ſent a ball after the wily fugitive, which terminated all his pranks at once.

On the ſeventh of September, an obſcure report arrived at Killalla of the action at Colooney, fought on the fifth, which was ſaid to have ended in favour of the French. It was added, that Lord CORNWALLIS was advancing in perſon, to ſtop their progreſs, at the head of more than 20,000 men. The ſtory wrought the effects that might be expected. The popiſh inhabitants became mad with apprehenſions from their Proteſ-

tant brethren, on whom they ſeemed every moment on the very point of laying violent hands. The pretext was ſtill the ſame, that the French officers were truſting Orangemen with the implements of deſtruction. Mr. JOHN BOURKE, of Summerhill, about two miles from Killalla, a proteſtant of good property, was (I believe) the only gentleman in the barony capable of bearing arms, who had not joinded ſome yeoman corps, nor been carried away from his houſe and farm to act againſt the enemy. He was at Sligo when he heard of the invaſion, from which town he haſtened away to his own houſe, and immediately ſet about the defence of it with great ſpirit and prudence. He bricked up the windows in the ground-floor together with the door in front, put arms into the hands of four or five people whom he could truſt, plied them well with food and wiſkey, and thus fortified, he challenged the marauders of the country to do their worſt. Ammunition however was likely to fail him, and in queſt of this he found himſelf obliged to come to Killalla. Through the biſhop he repreſent-

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ed his perilous ſituation to the commandant; that his houſe ſtood ſingle, in conſtant danger of pillage, but that he would trouble no body for aſſiſtance, if he might only have a grant from the French of powder and ball to arm his own people. CHAROST approved of the young man's ſpirit, and ordered him a ſmall caſk of powder immediately. Mr. BOURKE had at firſt entertained thoughts of acting as one of the municipal officers appointed to keep the peace, in the hope thereby of protecting his own property; but he dropt the project, on finding that he was not likely to be elected by his neighbours, and now confined his attention to the getting home ſafely the preſent he had received of gunpowder. This however he was quite unable to accompliſh. A furious clamour was raiſed at the caſtle gate, as ſoon as the powder-caſk was obſerved on the car; remonſtrance was followed by threatening, the car was ſtopt, and Mr. BOURKE was forced to reſign what with ſo much hazard of his perſon in coming to Killalla he had obtained.

Saturday Sept. 8, (a day memorable for the victory at Ballinamuck) exhibited to the town of Killalla a new ſubject of alarm and terror. Hitherto it had been, to ſuch as had any thing to loſe, matter of comfort to obſerve, how aukwardly the armed peaſants handled their firelocks, and how ſlow a progreſs they were making in the arts of deſtruction. This day, for the firſt time, pikes began to be talked of, inſtead of muſquets. An officer of the rebels, one of the very few among them who ſeemed to have a head for miſchief as well as a heart, ſignified to the commandant (ſtill by the biſhop, who made it a point to interpret faithfully, even where the matter of diſcourſe made him ſhudder) that the friends of liberty, ſeeing the fire-arms were all diſtributed, and that they were not thought worthy of being truſted with the ammunition brought from France, had come to a reſolution of forming a ſtrong body of pikemen, who, they truſted, would be found capable of doing at leaſt as much execution on the enemy as any of their fellows. They therefore deſired permiſſion to ſeize upon all the iron

they could find in the ſtores of Mr. KIRKWOOD, or elſewhere, to fabricate pike-heads.

CHAROST liked the propoſal almoſt as little as the biſhop did. As a ſoldier, he deſpiſed the ſervice of pike-men againſt regular troops; as a man, he hated the uſe to which theſe weapons might be applied by the robber and the murderer. But it was not his place to throw obſtacles in the way of any offer to advance the common cauſe. He contented himſelf therefore with applauding the zeal of the people, who, he ſaid, ſhould have leave to uſe Mr. KIRKWOOD's iron, as ſoon as there was an abſolute need of making free with that gentleman's property, but adviſed them to try firſt whether they could not get iron enough in an honeſt way, by converting into pike-heads what they had at home of that material, their own forks and other implements of huſbandry. The anſwer was taken in good part, and ſaved the ſtores for the preſent. But as pikes were not forbidden, all the ſmiths and carpenters were preſently ſet to work at making them, and every thief

thief was buſy in ſupplying materials for them. Pitch-forks were lawful prize from that day forth; and young trees were more becoming as pike-handles in the graſp of a lover of liberty, than as ornaments to a gentleman's farm. In a ſhort time a body of pike-men was raiſed, under the direction of the officer above-mentioned, which receiving daily acceſſions of numbers, became the more formidable to peaceful people, becauſe they carried their weapons every where, did no regular military duty, and mixed in every tumultuous aſſembly with a ſuperior aptneſs for miſchief.

Precarious as the ſtate of things at this time evidently was, it created ſurprize to obſerve, that the country folk had the hardineſs to continue bringing their goods to the market, where they found a ready ſale. CHAROST availed himſelf of his power, only to take the weightier articles of proviſion; from the lower claſs of people he drew little or nothing without paying for it. Of courſe, what ready money he had brought with him, which did not exceed forty louis, was

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ſoon expended. The other officers were poorer than himſelf, and their pay from home was not to be looked for. In this exigency there was no reſource, but in a requiſition of money from the diſtrict, which enjoyed the benefit of the French protection. The biſhop was applied to for a liſt of names of perſons moſt competent to contribute. His anſwer was, that he ſaw no objection, either to the demand itſelf, or the quantum, which was fifty guineas, and that he ſhould himſelf pay one-fifth of the contribution; but he deſired to be excuſed from the buſineſs of aſſeſſing the other inhabitants, as he was too new a comer to be acquainted with their circumſtances. Mr. DEVITT, their new magiſtrate, occurred as the perſon moſt likely to execute the buſineſs for them. Preſently comes a tranſlated letter from the commandant to the citizen magiſtrate DEVITT, *inviting* him 'to entreat the town and diſtrict of Kil-'lalla to ſhew, by their contributions 'their zeal for the glorious cauſe of the 'people. Some had come forward already 'with preſents of money; and the writer

'doubted

'doubted not, but many would be ready to 'imitate the good example. An exact re-'giſter ſhould be kept of the names and 'the ſums ſubſcribed, and the French go-'vernment only aſked it under the name of 'a *loun*.' With ſome delay and grumbling the ſum was raiſed at laſt, a good part of which remained in the hands of Mrs. STOCK, till it proved a ſeaſonable ſupply to CHAROST and his companions, when they were ordered away to Dublin.

About this time O'DONNELL, the young man mentioned above as having helped to protect Mr. KIRKWOOD, in Erris, came to Killalla, with no other view, as he pretended, than to offer his ſervices in preſerving the peace of the town by exerting his influence over the mountaineers of his own diſtrict. To this object he ſeemed for ſome time to confine his attention, and gained ſo upon the commandant by an appearance of ſenſe and activity, that he was preſently appointed to the office of town-major, with a command over the nightly watch. It is poſſible, he did not mean at firſt to accept

any

any military commiſſion from the French; but having a large ſhare of vanity in his compoſition, and feeling himſelf grow into conſequence among the rebels by compariſon with their drunken general BELLEW, he aſpired to his place, and in fact (though never formally) ſucceeded to it, after the other was turned out. CHAROST had more than once occaſion, in the ſequel, to repent of having placed a confidence in this man before he had time to know his character. The airs the young jackanapes gave himſelf became every day more troubleſome. On pretence that he muſt have a bed at the caſtle to take the orders of the commandant in caſe of any diſturbance at night, he took to himſelf one of the bed-chambers of the middle floor, from which it was not poſſible afterwards to diſlodge him; and this apartment he was pleaſed to diſtinguiſh by the name of *his* room, His next attempt was to be admitted to meſs with the family; but here he failed of ſucceſs. The biſhop, diſguſted with his forwardneſs and vulgar manners, avoided as much as he could all intercourſe with him, and when

Biſhop, Biſhop, be gentle!

Here's a fellow for you — Talk thus in the houſe of a Biſhop

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he did aſk him to ſit down at his table (as at times he could ſcarcely help doing ſo without rudeneſs) it was evidently the reſult of conſtraint; ſo that Mr. O'Donnel kept himſelf at a diſtance for the moſt part, but complained much of the ingratitude with which he was treated, after his great ſervices in protecting the biſhop and his family. The preſence of ſuch a lodger taught the people at the caſtle to feel for the ſituation of their neighbours of the town, annoyed, as they were known to be, by company of a ſtill coarſer mold. Day and night the ſtair-caſe was infeſted with O'Donnel's levee, either with drunken boors from Erris, or his own kinſfolk the Macguires of Croſmalina, the principal of whom was a brewer of ſome ſubſtance, who for his good ſervices to France, by engaging himſelf and three or four ſons in this rebellion, has lately been requited with a halter. His ſons, ſtrong brutes without mind or manners, but by aid of pillage provided with good clothes and arms, were back and forward at Killalla, concerting meaſures with their couſin O'Donnel, and indeed helping

ing to make him leſs odious, when his behaviour was viewed in compariſon with theirs. One of the MACGUIRES, under colour of delivering a meſſage to the commandant, had the inſolence one day to thruſt himſelf into the dining parlour, while the family were at dinner, and ſeemed to enjoy the alarm which his ſaucy countenance, his ſword and piſtols, occaſioned among the ladies. The commandant inſtantly ordered him to leave the room, with a ſharp rebuke for his preſumption, declaring at the ſame time, that there were two hours of the twenty-four which he would not ſuffer to be wreſted from him by any buſineſs whatſoever. Another of theſe three youths, ROGER MACGUIRE, carried himſelf with ſo much impertinence in his embaſſy at Caſtlebar (to be mentioned preſently) as would have drawn deſtruction on his own head, if the ſafety of better people had not happened at that time to be included in his.

Diſagreeable as an inmate, O'DONNEL was not however without merit, as an Offi-

cer, and a guardian of the public peace. His firſt exertions were directed to preventing waſte by the unneceſſary ſlaughter of beaſts. To ſupply the rebel camp, ſheep and oxen had been driven in daily in ſuch numbers, and with ſo little attention to economy, that as there was very little ſalt to be had, and the weather was rather warm, it was found neceſſary to bury many joints of freſh meat in the earth to prevent an infection. Of this abuſe the commandant and the biſhop were eye-witneſſes one morning, being led to a back-yard in the town where lay the carcaſes of half a dozen bullocks juſt killed. O'Donnel received orders to lay before the magiſtrate, Devitt, regular accounts of what freſh meat would be wanted by the troops on permanent duty. The magiſtrate was to iſſue a requiſition for the ſupply demanded, ſending a guard to take ſo much from the farmers, and no more. The beaſts were to be taken to one particular ſpot, appointed for killing them: and proclamation was made, that any perſon, caught in driving and killing, without a written order from the magiſtrate,

trate, ſhould be inſtantly ſhot. By the vigilance of O'DONNEL the order was tolerably well obeyed, though the conſumption after all was certainly very great.

It was a novel ſituation to the biſhop to be forced to ſubſiſt on plunder, both of meat and drink. The choiceſt beef and mutton from grazing grounds that feed the boaſt of the markets of Dublin, excellent wines and ſpirits extracted from the cellars of his very good friends the neighbouring gentry, made their viſits in due order at the caſtle, and were received, at firſt with groans and lamentations over the times, and at laſt with great equanimity, as a misfortune that could not be helped. At times, the company at the caſtle even felt a diſpoſition to be merry on the arrival of one of theſe felonious cargoes. Some bottles of excellent hock, drawn from the cellars of the right hon. colonel KING, at Ballina, came as a preſent from the French officer there to M. CHAROST. The wine on triai was found ſo good, that conſcience began to mutter at the ſin of aſſiſting in the robbery of

of ſo hoſpitable a gentleman as the owner muſt have been, unleſs he might be proved guilty of ſome crime. He was therefore formally indicted for *loyalty*, for an obſtinate adherence to his ſovereign, and to the conſtitution under which he was born. The charge was eaſily proved, as colonel KING was then juſt recovering from a ſhot through the body, which he had received at the battle of New Roſs, fighting ſtoutly at the head of his regiment againſt the United Iriſhmen, the meritorious allies of France, and lovers of revolution. Of courſe he was pronounced *guilty* with acclamations, and his wine was confiſcated without a diſſenting voice.

What a prettily turned phrase.

The confuſion of the times had unavoidably ſuſperided the exerciſe of public worſhip by the members of the eſtabliſhed church. On the Lord's day, a conſiderable number from the town uſed to venture into the caſtle to join the family there at devotions, offered up with a ſerioufneſs and fervency ſuitable to the preſent diſtreſs. The worthy miniſter of the pariſh, dean THOMPSON, went through the church ſervice, aſ-

ſiſted

ſiſted by his curate; the biſhop preached. We all found by experience, both lay and clergy, the truth of the pſalmiſt's declaration, *It is good for me that I have been in affliction.* Happy, if we ſhall be enabled by the divine aid, through the varying ſcenes of our future life, to retain the good feelings, and practice the leſſons, which that awful period impreſſed upon us! Prayers were offering at the caſtle on the 9th of September, when the congregation was alarmed by hearing the ſound of the cathedral bell. On enquiry it was found, that Mr. O'DONNEL had taken the key of the church out of the ſexton's houſe, and ordered the bell to be rung for the purpoſe of calling his Roman catholic followers to maſs in the houſe of Mr. MORRISON, a proteſtant merchant, who with his family was forced to witneſs the ceremony. The biſhop was determined not to overlook ſuch an enchroachment. He went, immediately after divine ſervice, to O'DONNEL, expoſtulated calmly with him on an action which muſt awake the jealouſy of the eſtabliſhed church for the ſafety of what the law had put into their hands, and

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in concluſion deſired he would return the key, and for the future give up all thought of uſing the church bell. With this demand O'Donnel, apparently ſoftened by the manner in which it was urged, complied; nor was any attempt afterwards actually made on the cathedral by the Romaniſts, though in the camp they often expreſſed a reſolution to ſeize upon it. The preſence of the French always reſtrained them.

Indeed the contraſt with regard to religious ſentiments, between the French and their Iriſh allies, was extremely curious. The atheiſt deſpiſed and affronted the bigot; but the wonder was, how the zealous papiſt ſhould come to any terms of agreement with a ſet of men, who boaſted openly in our hearing, 'that they had juſt driven Mr. 'Pope out of Italy, and did not expect to 'find him again ſo ſuddenly in Ireland.' It aſtoniſhed the French officers to hear the recruits, when they offered their ſervice, declare, 'that they were come to take arms 'for France, and *the bleſſed Virgin.*' The conduct of the ſeveral prieſts, who engaged

in the ſame treaſonable enterpriſe, was yet more ſurpriſing than that of their people. No ſet of men could be treated with more apparent marks of diſlike, and even contempt, than theſe were by the French, though againſt the plaineſt ſuggeſtions of policy, which recommended attention to them, both as having an influence over their flocks, and as uſeful interpreters, moſt of them (from their foreign education) being able to ſpeak a little French. Yet the commandant would not truſt to their interpretation: if he wanted to know the truth, he waited till he could ſee the biſhop. A hare-brained prieſt of the name of SWEENY had eſcaped along with BOUDET from Newport, when it was retaken, apprehenſive of the puniſhment which afterwards overtook the poor wretch for the active part he had adopted in exciting his pariſhioners to rebellion. The man had a ſmattering of ſcience, particularly in the antiquities of his country, of which he ſeemed to be paſſionately fond. On being introduced by BOUDET to the commandant, he preferred an humble requeſt to that officer, that whereas every

Bravo, Biſhop. But where are we to find Truth, if not in a Biſhop

thing lately belonging to the proteſtants muſt now be French property, and inaſmuch as ſoldiers were not uſually covetous of books, he ſhould be extremely obliged to M. CHAROST if he would make him a preſent of the biſhop of Killalla's library. 'The 'biſhop's library,' anſwered CHAROST, turning from him with contempt, 'is juſt as 'much his own now, as ever it was.'

What powerful motive could prevail on this order of men to lend their hearts and hands to a revolution, which ſo manifeſtly threatened to overwhelm their own credit and conſequence, ſuppoſing even that they were indifferent to the fate of that religion of which they profeſſed themſelves to be the conſecrated miniſters? I will tell the reader what I conceive to be the true key to this myſtery, if I may have his pardon for the digreſſion.

The almoſt total dependence of the Romiſh clergy of Ireland upon their people for the means of ſubſiſtence is the cauſe, according to my beſt judgment, why upon every popular

popular commotion many prieſts of that communion have been, and until meaſures of better policy are adopted, always will be found in the ranks of ſedition and oppoſition to the eſtabliſhed government. The peaſant will love a revolution, becauſe he feels the weight of poverty, and has not often the ſenſe to perceive that a change of maſters may render it heavier: the prieſt muſt follow the impulſe of the popular wave, or be left behind on the beach, to periſh. There was a time, indeed, when ſuperſtition was of force to uphold the credit and revenues of the church of Rome, even where convulſions ſhook to pieces the fabric of civil government. But the reign of ſuperſtition is either paſt, or paſſing: at leaſt if it holds the *mind* of the believer, it is not, by many degrees, ſo effectual as formerly to open his *purſe*. Holy oil, and indulgences, and abſolutions, have fallen very much in their price; confeſſions are, comparatively ſpeaking, unproductive; and even the golden mine of purgatory ſeems to be running to a thread. Voluntary contribution, the main reſource of the prieſt, muſt

No Bishop you know, well know, that the Reign of Superstition is not past

depend on his popularity. 'Live with me, 'and live as I do. Oppreſs me not with 'ſuperior learning or refinement. Take 'thankfully what I chooſe to give you, and 'earn it by compliance with my political 'creed and conduct'—ſuch, when juſtly tranſlated, is the language of the Iriſh cottager to his prieſt. It is language, which will be liſtened to in proportion to the exigency of the caſe. A ſturdy moraliſt will do his duty in deſpite of penury: admirable, and not to be looked for among the common herd of mankind, is the virtue, which can withſtand the menace of abſolute want of bread. The remedy for this defect in the preſent political ſyſtem of Ireland ſhould ſeem to be as eaſy, as it is obvious. But it is not for a private individual to ſuggeſt to our enlightened legiſlature either the time or the meaſure, in which ſuch a remedy ought to be applied.

Although the cathedral church of Killalla eſcaped violence in the manner related, there was ſcarcely another proteſtant place of worſhip throughout the united dioceſes, that did

did not quickly bear evident marks of the religious intolerance of the rebels. But their malice was principally directed againſt a preſbyterian meeting-houſe between Killalla and Ballina, the only one of the kind, I believe, in the county. It had lately been fitted up and decently ornamented by the unwearied exertions of the miniſter, the Rev. Mr. MARSHALL, whoſe exemplary character had entitled him to ſo much reſpect, that all his proteſtant neighbours without diſtinction had contributed to give him a handſome place of worſhip. In a very ſhort time after the commencement of the rebellion, nothing remained of the meeting-houſe except the walls. The congregation experienced no better treatment than their temple. They were a colony of very induſtrious weavers from the North, tranſlated hither ſome years back by the Earl of ARRAN, to a village of his, called Mullifarragh, where they had flouriſhed ſo much, that they were grown rich, and had encreaſed to the number of a thouſand perſons. The name of Orangemen had but juſt begun to be heard of in Connaught; and much it were

to

to be wiſhed, that no ſuch ſociety had ever appeared among us, to furniſh to the Romaniſts too plauſible a pretext for alarm and hoſtility againſt their proteſtant brethren. The biſhop had oppoſed their eſtabliſhment with all his might. On the very day when the invaſion happened, he was buſied in entering a proteſt, in his primary viſitation charge, againſt the firſt ſentence of the oath by which Orangemen are united together, 'I am not a Roman catholic.' The words ſounded in his ears too like thoſe in the prophet, *Stand off, I am holier than thou*; and aſſuredly they are not calculated to conciliate. The ſociety had originated in the ſame northern county, which ſome years before had diſgraced itſelf by an infamy new to proteſtants, an actual expulſion of Roman catholics from their homes. The perpetrators of this lawleſs deed were ſuppoſed to be chiefly preſbyterians; and now upon the unoffending people of that perſuaſion in Connaught were to be retaliated the injuries done to the Romaniſts in Ulſter. The village of Mullifarragh, on pretence of ſearching for arms, was ranſacked in three nocturnal

turnal invaſions of the rebels, till there was nothing left in it worth carrying away; and this in defiance of a protection under the hand of the commandant, obtained for them and their paſtor by the biſhop, The poor ſufferers came in tears to M. CHAROST, to return him a protection which had done them no good. It ſhocked him very much. Often did he whiſper the biſhop, that no conſideration ſhould prevail on him again to truſt himſelf to ſuch a horde of ſavages as the Iriſh.

Is this in any point of view politic!!

The cloud of common ſuffering makes the features of diſtinction between proteſtants, in the matter of religion, appear as nothing. Mr. MARSHALL, having loſt his own chapel, readily and devoutly joined us in our worſhip. Service being ended, he informed us, that the people of Sligo, after a ſmart action or two at Colooney on the preceding Thurſday, had ſucceeded in turning the French from their own town towards the county of Leitrim, where it was probable they would meet a force from Enniſkillen and Dublin, that would be able

to give a good account of them. Caſtlebar, Newport-Pratt, and Weſtport, he aſſured us, were recovered, and nothing remained in the hands of the enemy but our town and Ballina. The joy of this news was preſently daſhed with the reflection, that if the French ſhould puſh on, and be defeated at length in ſome place far removed from us, we muſt be left, abſolutely deſtitute of defence, at the mercy of rebels irritated by deſpair, and for a ſpace of time quite ſufficient to accompliſh our deſtruction. The danger was felt and acknowledged; but as we could not by our own foreſight or prudence avert it, we caſt ourſelves for the event on the good pleaſure of Him, who knew beſt what was fitting for us.

Mr. MARSHALL was the bearer this morning, Sept. 9, of a freſh complaint from his people at Mullifarragh: they had not only been robbed of their goods, but a conſiderable number of them had been carried priſoners to Ballina for the alledged crime of being Orangemen, where by permiſſion of the

the French officer TRUC they remained close prisoners with scarcely any thing for their support. This behaviour of TRUC much displeased the commandant, as he had straitly charged that officer not to listen to accusations on a religious account, nor suffer any person to be confined for them. He thought it incumbent on him therefore to go immediately to Ballina to rectify matters there, and enforce a better execution of his orders, which he did, taking PONSON along with him. The business employed him the whole day, as he had above sixty prisoners to examine and discharge. During his absence, the loyalists at Killalla had not been very easy in their minds, committed as they were to the protection of M. BOUDET only, and on the day of the week when danger was most to be apprehended, from the confluence of people out of the country to their prayers.

Nothing, however, of an unpleasant nature occurred this or the two following days, except the usual annoyance from lies of the approach of an enemy, fabricated

by rhe rebels to colour their importunity for ammunition. Seven hundred and fifty recruits were counted before the caſtle gate on the 11th, who came to offer their ſervices for retaking the neighbouring towns that had returned to their allegiance; and this, after arms had been delivered out by the French, as I mentioned before, to upwards of five thouſand. The population in the mountainous parts of the county of Mayo much exceeds what the country, from its haggard appearance, would be thought capable of ſuſtaining. Theſe laſt recruits were extremely urgent to cut down two aſh groves, planted to ſcreen the ſee-houſe from the winds that blow with ſo much fury in this climate. Pikes they muſt have, they ſaid, ſince they were not ſupplied with other weapons; but they paid the biſhop the compliment of promiſing to ſpare his trees, if he would only get them leave from the commandant to cut down thoſe that belonged to his neighbour ROGER PALMER, Eſq, or to the agent of that gentleman, Sir JOHN EDM. BROWNE, who ſeemed to be very unpopular among them.

With

With much difficulty, and with the ſacrifice of three or four very good trees, they were prevailed upon to deſiſt at that time from further miſchief.

Sept. 12 and 13, the meſſengers of ill news poured in upon us continually, announcing freſh deprepations on every ſide. Caſtlereagh, the ſeat of ARTHUR KNOX, Eſq. (brother in law to the Earl of Meath) Caſtle Lacken, the property of Sir JOHN PALMER, Bart. were broke open and completely rifled. Mr. JOHN BOURKE of Summerhill, informed the biſhop by meſſage, that he was threatened grievouſly, and in danger of murder, if he was not ſupplied preſently with a guard and ammunition; he added in his note, that he had caſh in the houſe, which he wiſhed to have conveyed to the caſtle. A faithful domeſtic of Mr. KNOX's came with tears in his eyes to the biſhop to beg he would ſend a party of men to Caſtlereagh, to ſnatch up what might yet be reſcued from the ſpoilers, particularly a quantity of wine, ſpirits, and groceries, which, if they muſt be loſt to his maſ-

ter, had better go to the uſe of the garriſon in the caſtle, than to a parcel of ruffians.

The want of horſes was now felt ſeverely. The biſhop had but one left, which had been ſent back to him by the French from Caſtlebar. This was diſpatched with a car to Caſtlereagh, together with a party under O'Donnel, to bring off what goods he could to the caſtle. Another horſe was found ſomewhere, to convey M. Boudet to Summerhill; and as he could effect nothing without an interpreter, the biſhop, much againſt his will, was obliged to truſt his eldeſt ſon with this officer, through a country rendered almoſt as dangerous as a field of battle by the inconſiderate firing of ſhots by the rebels in all directions. The pair walked and rode by turns, and a very unpleaſant ſuſpence prevailed at the caſtle till their return late in the evening. By their appearance at Summerhill quiet was for the preſent reſtored to that place. Boudet rendered honourable teſtimony to the ſpirit, with which Mr. Bourke defended his property againſt a hoſt of marauders. But

the biſhop trembled at the hazard his ſon EDWIN had incurred, when Mr. BOURKE prevailed on him to be the bearer to the caſtle of 170 guineas in caſh.

While this was paſſing, all was confuſion in the lower part of the caſtle, by the condition in which the party returned that had gone to Caſtlereagh. No expedient for ſaving the wine and ſpirits from the unworthy mouths that were preparing to ſwallow them appeared to the meſſengers to be ſo ready and effectual, as that of uſing the liquors inſtantly themſelves. In conſequence, the biſhop's butler returned from the expedition pot-valiant, quarrelled with the gardener and carter, preſented a blunderbuſs at the former, and provoked the biſhop himſelf ſo much by ſaucy language, that he loſt his temper, and almoſt knocked the fellow down with a box on the ear. The commandant interpoſing, locked him up in his own pantry, and left him to ſleep there till morning. The man had been an excellent ſervant, and it is hoped will continue to be ſo in a place of leſs temptation.

But

But the opportunity of gaining by the arrival of the French was too alluring: he declared for them immediately, ſerved them only, to the neglecting of his maſter, betrayed the ſecrets of the cellar to them, talked often like a rebel, and in ſhort did ſuch things, as might have brought his neck in queſtion, if his maſter had not, after the action at Killalia, recommended to him a ſpeedy retreat out of the country. Some liquor, the groceries, and a quantity of furniture, the property of Mr. JOHN KNOX, were ſafely depoſited in the caſtle.

From Caſtle Lacken little or nothing could be ſaved. The manner in which this manſion, the old family ſeat of Sir JOHN PALMER, was ſurpriſed, is worth deſcribing. Mr. WALDRON, agent to the baronet, who rented the houſe, and had a very conſiderable property in and about it, had received a guard from the French, with which for ſome days he had been able to protect himſelf againſt his diſorderly neighbours. The guards however required guarding as much as the reſt of their countrymen; and a plan

plan was concerted, in conſequence of which the houſe ſhould appear to be taken by a ſudden aſſault, in ſpite of all oppoſition. A horſeman came in full gallop through the ſurrounding crowd to the door, announcing himſelf to be an expreſs from the biſhop at Killalla. The unwary owner unbarred his door, and in an inſtant the mob without and the guards within threw the unfortunate man on the floor, ran over him many times, diſperſed his affrighted family of children and grandchildren, completely gutted the houſe, and even carried away the flooring, drove off his ſtock, and in ſhort did him damage (as he afterwards proved to the committee) little ſhort of 3000l. It was truly melancholy to ſee a whole family, accuſtomed to eaſe and comfort, arrive the next day at Killalla on foot, with nothing ſaved but the clothes on their backs. But this was a ſpectacle, to which we had now been too much familiarized. Mr. WALDRON had another houſe and farm in the vicinity, which were preſently after deſtroyed in as mercileſs a manner by the ſame ſavages. *

The

Who were the Savages, Bishop, who destroyed L. Moira's property, not to mention the ~~House~~ Cottages & the property of the numerous peasants, who have been lately ruined in Ireland?

The farm-houſe of Mr. JOHN BOYD (a worthy man, reſpectable alſo for his ſkill as a ſurveyor) though greatly expoſed by ſtanding ſingle at a conſiderable diſtance from the town, was preſerved by a circumſtance that may be reckoned curious, as it ſhews the light in which the inſurgents beheld their French allies. Two ſoldiers of that nation, wounded, but not dangerouſly, at Caſtlebar, were ſent to the commandant to be put into ſome place where they might be recovered. Mr. BOYD, by the biſhop's advice, offered his own houſe as a quiet retreat for the men, who at the ſame time, from the reſpect paid by the rebels to the French, might be a ſecurity to him and his family. The offer was accepted, and proved effectual for the purpoſe intended; for though gangs of robbers frequently threatened the houſe, no attack was actually made on it, as long as the foreigners (very well behaved poor fellows) continued in it, which was for upwards of a fortnight. It coſt much exertion afterwards to defend the ſame houſe to the end of the troubles.

no. "
True

Sept.

Sept. 12th, in the evening, the light of hope began to open on the loyaliſts of Killalla. Something muſt have happened, they whiſpered one another, to the prejudice of the French arms, as an expreſs arrived from Ballina, and was ſent back in wet and darkneſs almoſt immediately: the French officers alſo, from that time, looked very much dejected. Next morning, a priſoner was brought in from Ballina, ſuppoſed to be of note, becauſe the commandant wiſhed the biſhop to be preſent at his examination.

It proved to be WILLIAM CHARLES FORTESCUE, Eſq. nephew and heir to Lord Clermont, and member for the county of Louth, a gentleman with whom the biſhop had not the honour of being before acquainted. The converſation between him and M. CHAROST paſſing in the French language, and in a low tone of voice, the biſhop was on the point of quiting the room, when Mr. FORTESCUE announced himſelf in Engliſh to be the brother of the young clergyman already mentioned, as hav-

ing received a mortal wound in the firſt rencounter with the French. No certain intelligence of his death had reached Dublin; ſo that Mr. F. was inſtigated by affection for an excellent and only brother to ſet out on horſeback for Ballina, attended by one ſervant, reſolved to take his chance, if that town ſhould yet be in the hands of the rebels, though, when he left the capital, it was believed to have returned, along with the reſt of the county, to the king's peace. On his way he had paſſed through Granard, juſt after the battle of Ballinamuck, where he had ſeen general HUMBERT and his officers, going as priſoners of war to Dublin; and even then he had no intimation, that he might not proceed without danger as far as Ballina. He did not diſcover his miſtake, till he was arreſted by a patrole within a ſhort diſtance from that town. The commanding officer there, M. TRUC, with his uſual brutality charged him with coming there as a ſpy to intimidate the friends of liberty by a falſe report of the defeat of their army, detained the ſervant and baggage, and ſent the maſter

ter to Killalla to be examined by CHAROST. From the deſcription Mr. FORTESCUE gave him of the perſons of the French officers whom he had ſeen priſoners, the commandant could have no doubt of the defeat of his countrymen, even though he had not been furniſhed with a more convincing proof by the receipt of two letters from officers in the French army, ſtating the capture of their whole force near the iron mines in the county of Leitrim, together with the diſperſion of the Iriſh allies, on the Saturday preceding.

Theſe letters the commandant made no ſcruple of imparting to the biſhop, with an air of confidence in his honour, and his diſcretion, which was certainly very flattering. He gave him leave at the ſame time to diſcourſe on the ſubject with Mr. FORTESCUE, only admoniſhing them both of the preſent danger of divulging the ſecret. Of ſuch a caution in truth they ſtood in very little need: for it was plainly the intereſt of the loyaliſts to obſerve the ſtricteſt ſilence with regard to the ill poſ-

ture of the affairs of the rebels, leſt theſe ſhould be on their backs before the King's army could come to their relief. Mr. Fortescue was taking his leave of the commandant to return to his diſagreeable confinement under Truc, when the biſhop in French (that Charost might object, if he pleaſed) invited him to ſhare bed and board with them at the caſtle, an offer which, after ſome apologies, was thankfully accepted, and Mr. Fortescue's condition, though far inferior to that he was uſed to, became eaſy from thenceforth in compariſon of what he had endured at Ballina. The preſence of this gentleman was of great ſervice in ſupporting the ſpirits of the company at the caſtle; for, having attained to the rank of major in the army, he poſſeſſed a ſteadineſs of mind in danger, and a prudence, the reſult of experience, which often ſuggeſted the moſt ſalutary counſels.

Concealment of the news from Ballinamuck was not long practicable. People who had eſcaped from the ſlaughter came in hourly to offer their ſervices to the commandant,

mandant, though ſeveral of them carried in their perſons evident marks how little they had gained by their zeal for the cauſe. The intelligence did not ſeem by any means to produce on the minds of the rebels the effect that might naturally have been expected, their gradual diſperſion and return to their own homes. On the contrary, the reſort to the camp in the biſhop's meadows grew greater every day, the talk of vengeance on the proteſtants was louder and more frequent, the rebels were drilled regularly, ammunition was demanded, and every preparation made for an obſtinate defence againſt the arms of their ſovereign. Careleſs of the future, or truſting to the delay which muſt be occaſioned by the diſtance of the King's army, they thought of nothing but living merrily, as long as they might, upon the property that lay at their mercy; and they did uſe their power of doing miſchief moſt terribly. Spoil was not the ſole, or even the principal object of their leaders, for they deſtroyed in every decent habitation much more than they carried away. Depreſſion of the induſtrious and

better

better ſort, the univerſal levelling of conditions, in order to bring on the glorious reign of equality, ſuch appeared to be the wiſh of thoſe who aſpired at all to the praiſe of thinking, and called themſelves *republicans:* the mob had no prompters but luſt of pillage and ſuperſtition. For, that enmity to the proteſtant religion entered into the motives of the devaſtation in Connaught, cannot with any ſhew of reaſon be denied, ſince it is notorious that, except during the indiſcriminate plunder which took place at the capture of Caſtlebar, very few inſtances occurred, throughout the province, of the houſe or property of a Roman catholic being injured by the rebels.

Very different from thoſe of the natives were the feelings of the French officers at Killalla, after they were aſſured of the miſcarriage of their enterpriſe. Conceiving their taſk of annoying Britain to be for the preſent concluded, and expecting ſhortly to join their brother officers in Dublin, they looked to nothing but to the preſerving of

of peace and quiet round about them, till a regular Engliſh force ſhould approach, to which they might without diſcredit render themſelves priſoners. They did not indeed profeſs ſo much to the rebels. On the contrary, they appeared always ready to train the men to arms, and to head them in any enterpriſe they propoſed againſt the common enemy. But at the ſame time the commandant frequently warned them, that he would have no hand in incurſions for pillage; he was *chef de brigade*, he ſaid, but not *chef de brigands*; and if ever he caught them preparing to ſpoil and murder proteſtants, he and his officers ſhould ſide with the proteſtants againſt them to the very laſt extremity. He took extraordinary care alſo to be provided againſt the worſt. Twelve good carabines, properly loaded, ſtood always ready in the bed-chamber where the three officers ſlept. Arms were diſtributed to ſeven or eight truſty perſons of the biſhop's family. A guard of eighteen (whom, as I ſaid, it was neceſſary to keep an eye upon) watched in and around the houſe. The Frenchmen themſelves were extremely

extremely alert, allowing themſelves very little ſleep, and ſcarcely any in the night, for ten days together. The ſteady undiſturbed countenance of CHAROST added weight to his preparations.

The 18th of September was a day of continual alarm. Reports from the rebel camp juſt beſide us grew ſtronger than ever, that a mutiny was breaking out. About three o'clock, as the biſhop and commandant were walking in the garden, one of the leaders of the rebels came in a great hurry to aſſure them, it was the determined purpoſe of the camp immediately to impriſon in the cathedral, every proteſtant as a pledge for their own ſecurity, in caſe of the arrival of the King's army. The man was diſmiſſed with thanks for the warning, and deſired to tell his countrymen, 'that we were ready for them.' A good dinner ſoon after ſtopt their mouths, as it uſed to do: for we remarked, that the rebels in camp were always moſt inclined to cabal, and do miſchief, while their dinner was preparing; when they had been regaled

† This is not always the Case with Bishops —

† regaled with beef and mutton, and a moderate ſhare of whiſkey, they became good-humoured and tractable. †

On the 19th at noon, they were hungry and quarrelſome again. The commandant with a guard of thirty men marched about the town, proclaiming his orders to the men to go to their homes, immediately after they had received their allowance of beef. While he was thus engaged, a crowd gathered about the gate. The armed began to mutter as well as the unarmed. At laſt the biſhop ſtept out to them, and aſked what they wanted.

They had heard, that many of their kinſmen and friends were in cloſe confinement at Caſtlebar; and if they thought that was really the caſe, they could not be blamed for wiſhing to retaliate on the proteſtants here.

Are you ſure of the fact?—No.

Why then, ſaid the biſhop, would it not be juſt and prudent to ſend meſſengers to Caſtlebar, whom you could truſt for a true report, before you proceeed further?

Right: but who will go on ſuch an errand?

Take one of your own people, replied the biſhop, with one of ours, to go immediately to the commanding officer at Caſtlebar. Let them carry a flag of truce, and a letter from me to Gen. TRENCH (or other officer commanding there) ſetting forth our ſituation, and our hope that nothing will be done to the priſoners at Caſtlebar which may provoke repriſals on the proteſtants at Killalla. Diſperſe now, and you ſhall have a full and fair ſtate of things by to-morrow night. Let the perſons to go with the flag be dean Thomſon and Mr. ROGER MACGUIRE.

With the populace half the work of perſuaſion is frequently over, when you can get them to liſten. The biſhop made the family

family one day merry by relating what he had juſt overheard. Two country fellows were diſputing and pulling each other by the throat in the court yard, when one cried to the other, 'Come away to the 'biſhop, he will ſettle it for us—he makes 'us *bear one another.*'

Well done Bishop! Brave Bishop!

The promiſed letter was preſently written, and received with applauſe by the mutineers. The choice of ambaſſadors was likewiſe ratified by general conſent; for young MACGUIRE was an active partizan of the rebels, and dean THOMPSON's character ſtood high in the eſtimation of all deſcriptions of people, and his influence at Caſtlebar, where he had been curate for nineteen years, was known to be equal to his merit. It was agreed, that the meſſengers ſhould ſet out for Caſtlebar at four the next morning, and till they returned, nothing ſhould be attempted.

It was a great exertion for dean THOMPSON to undertake this perilous errand, and greater on the part of his wife to conſent

to it. The mountain road was to be taken to Caſtlebar, as the ſhorteſt; but it was a wild country, ſwarming with robbers; neither was it at all certain, that the proteſtant meſſenger would not be arreſted on the way by the friends of MACGUIRE, who might have conſented to the embaſſy only to get ſuch a perſon as the dean into their hands. If *he* was juſtly uneaſy, his lady was ſtill more to be pitied, encumbered as ſhe was with the charge of four young children, and far advanced in her pregnancy. * But this worthy couple, ſeeing no meaſure ſo likely as the propoſed one to reſcue themſelves and their friends, acquieſced in it without a murmur, and committed the iſſue to Providence.

Myſterious are the ways of Divine Providence! unfathomable the depths of that wiſdom,

* Mrs. THOMPSON's ſtrength of affection for her huſband did not eſcape the penetration even of a ſtranger. At dinner, on the day when the dean was employed in his dangerous miſſion, CHAROST whiſpered the biſhop: 'I can ſee fear agitating the frame of that poor woman to the very tips of her fingers.'

wiſdom, which often concedes a boon, only to try us afterwards by withdrawing it! Little didſt thou foreſee, amiable and unhappy woman, that the huſband, whoſe eſcape from that peril tranſported thee with ſo much joy and gratitude to heaven, ſhould in the ſucceeding year be torn for ever from thee by a fever, contracted in the courſe of his miniſtry by attendance on a ſick bed. Be comforted, however. His virtues, though in the mid ſeaſon of life, had rendered him full ripe for the great harveſt. Thou haſt it in thy power to earn a ſplendid recompence hereafter by patience, by attention to thy fatherleſs offspring!*

The night of the 19th was paſt by almoſt the entire family at the caſtle without ſleep. At midnight, as they were going to reſt, one of the MACGUIRES from Croſmalina burſt in upon them with the news, that his troop had

* Dean THOMPSON died at Caſtlebar, Nov. 10th, 1799, after ſtruggling for a month together, with ſeveral relapſes, under a nervous fever. The deanery is valued at 500l. per ann.

had juſt been fired on by the Engliſh, who might be expected at Killalla immediately. It was not probable, that a regular force would be expoſed to the chances of an engagement with ſuch a crew in the night; but the ſtory had the ſame effect as if it was true. The houſe was up all night, and had the pleaſure of liſtening to the uproar made by the two MACGUIRES, ROGER and the new comer, in getting moſt beaſtly drunk in their couſin O'DONNEL's room, till the commandant at laſt cuffed, and turned them both out of doors. In the morning the falſe reporter from Croſmalina ſlipt home again, rather aſhamed of himſelf; but his brother, the doughty ambaſſador, could not be found to go on his errand till it was near noon. The dean and he then ſet out on horſeback, well armed with ſwords and piſtols.

A very troubleſome conſequence of the report brought by MACGUIRE was, that it furniſhed a pretence to the pikemen, diſmiſſed the day before by the commandant, to return to the town with offers of ſerving againſt

againſt the approaching enemy. In two hours the camp was ſaid to number two thouſand men. To do them juſtice, the peaſantry never appeared to want animal courage, for they flocked together to meet danger whenever it was expected. Had it pleaſed heaven to be as liberal to them of brains as of hands, it is not eaſy to ſay to what length of miſchief they might have proceeded; but they were all along unprovided with leaders of any ability. Bellew, their earlieſt officer, was a drunken brute, to whom nobody paid obedience, even before he was turned out of office by the commandant. Little better, either for talent or ſobriety, was O'Dowd, a man of ſome eſtate in the county, and almoſt the only gentleman that took arms with the rebels, for which he paid the forfeit of his life at Ballinamuck. Mr. Richard Bourke, of Ballina, before mentioned, had ſome military knowledge, was a good drill ſerjeant, firm in combat, and popular; ſo that he might have done the harm he wiſhed, if the habitual ſtupefaction of drink had not been an overmatch for his malice.

O'Donnel

O'DONNEL knew nothing of arms, nor was he likely to learn the profeſſion quickly, his petulance making him unfit for diſcipline, inſomuch that at one time CHAROST was forced to lay him under an arreſt for ſome hours for quitting the neighbourhood, the night before, without orders. Yet the vulgar, who can diſcern in others what they have not in themſelves, followed this young man more readily than any other who pretended to lead them, becauſe they ſaw he had more ſenſe, more command of himſelf, and more moderation in the exerciſe of authority. Even the loyaliſts at Killalla acknowledged obligation to him for the induſtry with which they ſaw him exert himſelf to prevent pillage, patroling the ſtreets on horſeback for ſeveral nights together, and witholding both by threats and perſuaſion thoſe whom he found bent upon miſchief.

There were times, when nothing could withold them but blows. On the 20th, the houſe of the cuſtomhouſe-officer, Mr. RUTLEDGE was again attacked by a band of ruffians, after it had been three or four times

times ranſacked before. The pretence was, that it contained tobacco, an article of which the country people are ſo fond, that they bear the want of it more impatiently than that of food. To quell the riot, PONSON was called from a nap he was taking, after being up all night. Alone he fell upon the whole crew, and aiming a blow at the foremoſt pillager, brought the fellow to the ground, to his infinite diſmay; but the effort bent and broke the bayonet. Yet the daſtardly aſſailants were put to the rout by this ſpirited exertion, and diſperſed.

Friday morning, the 21ſt, brought another diſorderly gang to moleſt the caſtle. Theſe called themſelves a deputation from the camp. They had heard, that Mr. BOURKE of Summerhill was fully purpoſed to employ a guard he had received from the commandant in haraſſing the families of his poor neighbours, while the heads of them were fighting for liberty; and they were come to aſk leave to take him up. 'You 'may go, if you pleaſe,' anſwered CHAROST, 'but I will follow you with my offi-

'cers, and fire upon you, if I catch you in 'the act of plundering Summerhill.' The affair was compromiſed by O'DONNEL's going over to Summerhill with a letter to Mr. BOURKE from the commandant, to warn him that he ſhould content himſelf with acting on the defenſive only, as he expected to have his guard left with him. Mr. BOURKE needed no ſuch warning, for he had never truſted the guard within his doors. What provoked the commonalty ſo much againſt this gentleman was the thought, that he ſhould have it to boaſt he had ſet the whole body of United Iriſh at defiance for a month together. Even O'DONNEL did not like to give him ſuch matter of triumph.

After breakfaſt the ſame day, the biſhop went into the town with M. CHAROST, to aſſiſt him in ordering a newly-arrived body of pikemen to go home to their harveſt. It was a ſervice of danger. About one hundred ſurly-looking fellows were to be told that the commandant had men enough to guard the place (which was now his only buſineſs here) and did not deſire to be troubled

troubled with a pack of robbers. CHAROST begged his interpreter to ſignify this to the people in words of *command*, ſuch as would leave no doubt or diſpute about his meaning; and PONSON, to enforce the order, purſued the rear of the body with his firelock, with expreſſions of contempt and anger ſo ridiculous, as to provoke the ſmiles of the loyaliſts, though plainly contrary to prudence. The pikemen muttered threats, as they retired, both againſt the proteſtants and their abettors, as they called the French; and from that time accounts came in hourly, that they were reſolved not to diſperſe, as they were ordered to do, but would chooſe new leaders, and plunder the town that very evening, in ſpite of the French and of O'DONNEL. They ſeemed to wait only for the return of the ambaſſadors, whoſe arrival was indeed anxiouſly expected by all parties.

At four o'clock the caſtle family had a meſſage, juſt before dinner from an eye-witneſs, that the king's army were advancing in great numbers, and by two roads

from Caſtlebar. They muſt be at Ballina, it was ſaid, by this time. Dinner was laid on the table, notwithſtanding. In the midſt of it, in ruſhed THOMAS KIRKWOOD, a young officer of yeoman cavalry, with news that the attack on our front gate was commencing by about a ſcore of armed men. Such a number did not frighten us. 'Stay till they get to a head,' ſays the commandant. We drank away till they had increaſed to near fifty. Then the commandant took his hat, and marching out with his two officers fully armed, he ſteps forward to the pikemen, orders them to retire from the muſqueteers, divides the latter into three platoons, and ſets them directly to go through their exerciſe. Occupied for ſome time with theſe movements, they had not leiſure to apply themſelves to worſe, and thus were eaſily perſuaded at laſt to diſperſe.

A loud ſhout at ſix in the evening proclaimed the ſafe return of our two ambaſſadors. Great was the joy of the whole town at the ſight of them, when we had

begun

begun to deſpair of their appearance, at leaſt before morning. They brought back a very polite letter to the biſhop from general TRENCH, aſſuring him that his priſoners were, and ſhould be, treated with all poſſible tenderneſs and humanity. The letter was publicly read to the multitude, and left in their hands. No diſturbance enſued that night; but the trepidation was ſo great, that the caſtle could ſcarcely contain the refugees. Not fewer than fourſcore perſons were houſed in it. Nine of theſe, including Mr. FORTESCUE, ſlept on the floor of the biſhop's ſtudy. In their own bed-chamber the biſhop and his lady were obliged to find room for four little children of their own, and as many more of a neighbour, together with their terrified mother. Fear, we know, is a paſſion not much troubled with qualms of delicacy.

This Bishop is really extremely interesting — but you should have added to the interest by giving us the names & ages of the Children

Our miſſion to Caſtlebar had the effect that was foreſeen and wiſhed. Dean THOMPSON, though cloſely watched by his fellow meſſenger, as long as the latter was able to keep himſelf awake, found means to have

have a private conference with general TRENCH, in which he painted to him the deſperate ſituation of the loyaliſts at Killalla in ſo ſtrong a light, that the general promiſed to march to our relief two days ſooner than he had purpoſed to do, and deſired him to tell the biſhop, but with a ſtrict injunction of ſecreſy, that he might expect his army by Sunday forenoon. ARTHUR STOCK ſent his father a note, that he was very well and happy at Caſtlebar, and hoped to be with us ſhortly. The biſhop ſhook his head, as if he doubted much whether his ſon ſhould find us alive.

In effect the whole interval of time between general TRENCH's promiſe and its completion was a period of keener anxiety, than is commonly crowded into an equal ſpace in any man's life. Clamour, and then a ſilence more terrible than clamour, reigned by turns in and about the caſtle. Our guards caſt their eyes upon us with an uncertainty truly alarming; they ſeemed to heſitate, whether they ſhould plunge the bayonet in our breaſts, or fall on their knees

to

to implore our protection. *Diverſis animorum motibus, pavebant terrebantque* *, as the Roman hiſtorian has ſtrongly delineated a ſituation not unlike ours.

Early on Saturday morning, the loyaliſts were deſired by the rebels to come up with them to the hill on which the needle-tower is built, in order to be eye-witneſſes of the havock a party of the king's army was making, as it advanced towards us from Sligo. A train of fire too clearly diſtinguiſhed their line of march, flaming up from the houſes of unfortunate peaſants. 'They are only a few cabins,' remarked the biſhop; and he had ſcarcely uttered the words, when he felt the imprudence of them. 'A poor 'man's cabin,' anſwered one of the rebels, 'is to him as valuable as a palace.' Preſently after comes a prieſt from Eaſky-bridge in that country, named MACDONALD, with intelligence apparently calculated to quiet their minds: 'it was only a few farm-'houſes that had been burned, becauſe they

* Tacit. Ann. I, 25. *By turns, as their paſſions rolled, they felt terror, and inſpired it.*

belonged

'belonged to noted pillagers.' This he ſaid in public; many believed at the time, that he told a different ſtory privately to thoſe of his communion. O'Donnel, the buſieſt of all men this day, made an offer of his ſervice: he would go at the head of a party, and bring back information to be relied on. The people were ſilent. They did not know whom to truſt. The captain might be as bad as the prieſt. All were looking to ſelf-preſervation, except the dregs of the commonalty that longed for pillage.

At three o'clock, the report of cannon and ſmall arms towards Ballina could plainly be heard in the town; the very flaſh of the artillery was diſcerned from the Steeple-hill. The commandant was on horſeback among the pikemen, whoſe captains he found buſy in framing reſolutions for an obſtinate defence. The guard at the gate began now to ſlip away, mindful only of their own ſafety, and leaving to the mercy of every invader the family that had fed, and for the laſt ſeven days had alſo paid them for their attendance, at the rate of two guineas a day. For on a complaint

complaint from their captain O'Donnel, that his men thought it very hard to be detained on military duty at a time when they could each earn above a ſhilling a day at the harveſt, the biſhop had agreed to pay the ordinary guard of the town, conſiſting of fifty men, ten pence per man for one week, leaving the ſame burden to be ſuſtained by the townſpeople for the week immediately following; and the guard, that now were melting from him, had received their firſt week's pay. Some of the poor fellows, however, continued on their poſt to the laſt. During the whole of Saturday morning the caſtle was more ſtill and quiet, than, at any time ſince the invaſion, it had been even at midnight.

The hour of dinner was not equally tranquil. As the cloth was removing, O'Donnel joins the company to take a ſolemn leave of us, being on the point, he ſaid, of leading his men, at their own deſire, to Ballina. He takes one glaſs, filled out for him by Mrs. Stock, commends us to heaven, and diſappears. In five minutes, the par-

lour door flies open with a crash; the bishop's gardener enters exclaiming, 'Captain 'O'DONNEL is dead! he has been this mo-'ment killed by one of his own men.' At his back follows Mr. MARSHALL, the presbyterian minister, who with arms extended, and every symptom of terror, screeches out, 'Captain O'DONNEL is dead! I saw him 'this instant pulled from his horse, and 'killed!'

'Thank you, Mr. MARSHALL,' said the dean, looking at his affrighted wife, in her then condition; 'you have done your best 'to kill more than one of us.'

The bishop also was hurt by this unguarded action of Mr. MARSHALL, and with some sharpness expressed a wish 'that he 'could defend his family from the intru-'sion of ill news, at least at meal times.' The poor man looked so mortified at the reproof, that the blow recoiled instantly on him that gave it. Mr. M. withdrew—but the bishop sought him out soon after, and asked and obtained his pardon.

All

All roſe to inquire about O'Donnel. He was found in the yard with only a ſlight wound in the back of his hand. A drunken fellow had reſiſted his orders, when he deſired his men to march, and being ſtruck with a piſtol, fell, and pulled the captain off his horſe upon his back on the ground. O'Donnel was on his feet in a moment, and with the butt end of his piſtol laid open the ſkull of the offender, whom he left in the guard-room. He himſelf was ſoon in a condition to reſume his march, and away he went with about three hundred followers, taking the road to Croſmalina. Ponson, who was ſent out to reconnoitre, now came back with news, that the Engliſh were within four miles of Killalla; and with this the inconſiderate creature betook himſelf to his cuſtomary employment of ſinging and whiſtling.

The night was uncommonly wet, which contributed to our quiet. Favourable in this reſpect, the ſeaſon was much againſt us in another; for it retarded the march of our deliverers, to that degree, that gen. Trench

was not able to keep his promiſe of being with us in the forenoon of next day, having found it neceſſary to encamp for the night at Croſmalina. Here an alarm, and ſome confuſion among the King's troops, was occaſioned by their picquet of ſixteen horſe falling in with young MACGUIRE, who with two horſemen had advanced about a mile before O'DONNEL's men from Killalla, and came up with the picquet after night fall. MACGUIRE boldly charged them, fired his piſtol, and followed them into the very town aſſiſted by the darkneſs, till on hearing the drums beat to arms, he thought it prudent to retire. His couſin O'DONNEL had committed the charge of his party to this youth, being himſelf unable to proceed on the march farther than Rappagh, the ſeat of Mr. KNOX, where a ſickneſs at ſtomach overtook him, which forced him to accept a bed from young Mr. KNOX, after he had procured from that gentleman a drink for his three hundred men. On the ſtrength of this liquor the rebels bore the fatigue of a rainy march very well, till MACGUIRE, their vaunt courier, brought them

them word that the royal army was beating to arms at Croſmalina. Then for the firſt time they began to recollect, that they had too little ammunition to ſtand a regular engagement. So they took counſel from their leader(or their fears)and liſtening with pleaſure to the ſalutary word 'Retreat,' they broke, and made the beſt of their way, moſt of them, to their own homes; about thirty of the ſtouteſt were collected in the morning by O'Donnel, who led them back to Killalla.

On this night, as well as for the nine that preceeded it, the gentlemen that ſlept in the library took their turns at watching till morning for the common ſafety, and viſiting the guards poſted through the houſe. All were haraſſed by a duty ſo fatiguing, but the French officers moſt, who for ſeveral nights together did not enjoy an hour's repoſe. The family ſpoke in whiſpers one to another, ſome deſponding, ſome blaming the tardineſs of government in ſending us relief, ſome inquiring anxiouſly for news, and ſome endeavouring to ſteal into privacy,

where

where they might unload their hearts with freedom before the throne of mercy.

The 23d of September, Sunday, and the day of the equinox, opened on us with the ſame heavy fall of rain which had continued throughout the night; but the ſky cleared before noon. At breakfaſt our company was enlarged by the addition of two fugitive officers from Ballina, Meſſrs. TRUC and O'KEON. 'The Engliſh were come 'to Ballina. What man could do, the he-'roic TRUC had atchieved. An Engliſh 'officer had ſummoned him to render him-'ſelf priſoner, and advanced to lay hold of 'him; but he ſhook him off, and in the 'ſtruggle pulled away the officer's epau-'lette,' which he produced in triumph, 'got 'on horſeback, and with O'KEON, whom 'he overtook on the road, was come to 'fight it out to the laſt at Killalla.' This vapouring tale was ſoon diſcovered to be a downright lie. TRUC, in the confuſion when Ballina was entered by the King's troops, had eſcaped on the firſt horſe he could catch, bringing with him an old volunteer

lunteer epaulette, the property of col. KING, and ſtolen by TRUC out of the colonel's wardrobe*. The appearance of this man correſponded with the character we had heard of him—a front of braſs, an inceſſant fraudful ſmile, manners altogether vulgar, and in his dreſs and perſon a neglect of cleanlineſs, even beyond the affected negligence of republicans. Our poor commandant ſeemed to like him no better than we did ourſelves, though he was forced to welcome him at our breakfaſt with a kiſs on each cheek, the modern fraternal embrace——a ſight that would have provoked our ſmiles, had we been in a humour to be amuſed. But every thought was now abſorbed by the expectation of the approaching ſcene: even the ſacred duties of the day were for the firſt time ſuſpended.

Before he took horſe for the engagement, O'DONNEL claimed the privelege of a meſsmate to aſk counſel of Mr. FORTESCUE and the biſhop what he ſhould do. 'I

* When gen. TRENCH was coming up ſtairs at the caſtle to receive the ſwords of the French officers, TRUC whiſpered the biſhop, *St! pas un mot de l'epaulette.* 'Mum: not a word of the epaulette!'

'think

'think I might expect pardon,' ſaid he, 'from the ſhare I have had in preſerving 'the peace of this diſtrict. But the people 'would never forgive me, if I did not ſtand 'by them now; and their revenge would 'follow me into Erris, ſhould I attempt to 'retreat home. I am not afraid to die; 'but if I could ſave my life with honour, I 'would.' No counſel, it was evident, could be given him, but that he ſhould fight till he ſaw the battle turn (which, his adviſers told him, would not be a long time) and then endeavour to eſcape to his own country. The young man followed this advice, as far as he was able. Puſhed into the town with the fugitives, he galloped about the ſtreets to bring up a reinforcement, when a ſpirited mare that he rode was ſhot under him. He then eſcaped on foot to the fields on the other ſide from the ſcene of action, where incumbred as he was with boots and a long French ſurtout coat, he was ſoon overtaken, and pierced with a ball through the back. The highlander that killed him reported his laſt words to be, 'I am FERDY 'O'DONNEL: go tell the biſhop I am ſhot.'

The

The biſhop was ſorry for his death. Haraſſed as he had been by his forward and pert behaviour, during the long ſpace of time O'DONNEL had paſſed under his roof, an uninvited gueſt, he could not forget the ſervices he had rendered to the town by frequently hazarding his perſon to reſtrain plunderers. The body, which after being ſtript had been thrown into a potatoe ridge, was by the biſhop's order removed three days after, and interred in the churchyard.

Perhaps Bishop, there were other reasons why you ought to have been sorry for his Death.

The peaceful inhabitants of Killalla were now to be ſpectators of a ſcene they had never expected to behold—a battle! a ſight which no perſon that has ſeen it once, and poſſeſſes the feelings of a human creature, would chooſe to witneſs a ſecond time. A troop of fugitives in full race from Ballina, women and children tumbling over one another to get into the caſtle, or into any houſe in the town where they might hope for a momentary ſhelter, continued for a painful length of time to give notice of the approach of an army.

The rebels quitted their camp to occupy the riſing ground cloſe by the town, on the road to Ballina, poſting themſelves under the low ſtone walls on each ſide, in ſuch a manner as enabled them with great advantage to take aim at the King's troops. They had a ſtrong guard alſo on the other ſide of the town towards Foxford, having probably received intelligence which was true, that gen. TRENCH had divided his forces at Croſmalina, and ſent one part of them by a detour of three miles to intercept the fugitives that might take that courſe in their flight. This laſt detachment conſiſted chiefly of the Kerry militia, under the orders of lieut. col. CROSBIE and MAURICE FITZGERALD, the knight of Kerry, their colonel the earl of GLANDORE attending the general. It is a circumſtance, which ought never to be forgotten by the loyaliſts of Killalla, that the Kerry militia were ſo wrought upon by the exhortations of thoſe two ſpirited officers to loſe no time in coming to the relief of their periſhing friends, that they appeared on the ſouth ſide of the town at the ſame inſtant with their fellows

on

on the oppoſite ſide, though they had a league more of road to perform.

The two diviſions of the royal army were ſuppoſed to make up about twelve hundred men, and they had five pieces of cannon. The number of the rebels could not be aſcertained. Many ran away before the engagement, while a very conſiderable number flocked into the town in the very heat of it, paſſing under the caſtle windows in view of the French officers on horſeback, and running upon death with as little appearance of reflection or concern, as if they were haſtening to a ſhew. About four hundred of theſe miſguided men fell in the battle, and immediately after it. Whence it may be conjectured, that their entire number ſcarcely exceeded eight or nine hundred.

The whole ſcene paſſed in ſight of the caſtle, and ſo near it, that the family could diſtinctly hear the balls whiſtling by their ears. Mr. FORTESCUE very humanely took upon him the direction of the women and

children, whom he placed as far as he could from the windows, and made them remain proſtrate on the carpets till the buſineſs was quite over. He himſelf could not refrain from taking his ſtand at a window of the library looking ſeaward, which, with the other windows of that room he had barricaded with beds, leaving room to peep over them. A malicious raſcal in the ſea-grove obſerved his poſition, and calling to a woman in the road to ſtand out of his way till he ſhould 'do for that tall fellow,' he diſcharged the contents of a carabine full at the window, with ſuch effect, that twelve ſlugs made as many holes in paſſing through the glaſs. The bed ſaved the lives of Mr. FORTESCUE and HENRY STOCK, the biſhop's ſon, who was ſtanding behind: but two of the ſlugs were lodged in Mr. FORTESCUE's forehead, providentially without penetrating the bone, or hurting him materially, though one ſlug was not extracted till a conſiderable time afterward, when he reached Dublin.

The

The biſhop ſaw the action from behind the breaſt of a chimney, where he could only be reached by an oblique chance ſhot. Curioſity, and the intereſt we all felt in the event, prompted every man in the houſe to expoſe his perſon by creeping to the windows. Our French officers thought it their duty to lead the rebels, as many as they could bring forward to the onſet, though they were ſure it was in vain, and had avowed to us their determination to ſurrender to the very ſuperior force that was coming againſt them.

We kept our eyes on the rebels, who ſeemed to be poſted with ſo much advantage behind the ſtone walls that lined the road. They levelled their pieces, fired very deliberately from each ſide on the advancing enemy, yet (ſtrange to tell!) were able only to kill one man, a corporal, and wound one common ſoldier. Their ſhot, in general, went over the heads of their opponents. A regiment of highlander's (FRASER's fencibles) filed off to right and left, to flank the fuſileers behind the hedges and walls; they had

had a marſhy ground on their left to ſurmount before they could come upon their object, which occaſioned ſome delay, but at length they reached them, and made ſad havock among them. Then followed the Queen's-county militia and the Downſhire, which laſt regiment had a great ſhare in the honour of the day.

After a reſiſtance of about twenty minutes, the rebels began to fly in all directions, and were purſued by the Roxburgh cavalry into the town in full cry. This was not agreeable to military practice, according to which it is uſual to commit the aſſault of a town to the infantry; but here the general wiſely reverſed the mode, in order to prevent the rebels, by a rapid purſuit, from taking ſhelter in the houſes of the townsfolk, a circumſtance which was likely to provoke indiſcriminate ſlaughter and pillage. The meaſure was attended with the deſired ſucceſs. A conſiderable number was cut down in the ſtreets, and of the remainder but a few were able to eſcape into the houſes, being either puſhed through

through the town till they fell in with the Kerry from Croſmalina, or obliged to take to the ſhore, where it winds round a promontory forming one of the horns of the bay of Killalla. And here too the fugitives were ſwept away by ſcores, a cannon being placed on the oppoſite ſide of the bay, which did great execution.

Some of the defeated rebels, however, did force their way into houſes, and by conſequence brought miſchief upon the innocent inhabitants, without benefit to themſelves. The firſt houſe, after paſſing the biſhop's, is that of Mr. Wm. Kirkwood, the magiſtrate ſo often mentioned. Its ſituation expoſed it on this occaſion to peculiar danger, as it fronts the main ſtreet, which was raked entirely by a line of fire. A flying rebel had burſt through the door, followed by ſix or ſeven ſoldiers: they poured a volley of muſquetry after him, that proved fatal to Mr. Andrew Kirkwood, a moſt loyal and reſpectable citizen, while he was rejoicing at the victory, and in the very act of ſhouting out 'God ſave the King.' Preſenti-

ments,

ments, as they are called, of evil ſhould be reſiſted, for they often work their own accompliſhment. This poor man, though no body wiſhed more ardently than he did to ſee the town recovered from the rebels, had taken up a ſtrong perſuaſion that he ſhould not outlive that event. Of courſe, he grew more reſtleſs every hour, in proportion as the time of the conflict drew nigh. The whole evening before, he continued to importune his wife with directions how he would have his family concerns diſpoſed; and when the firing began he could not contain himſelf in his own houſe, where he had the beſt chance of remaining ſafe, and where thoſe who ſtayed received no hurt, but removed to the very inſecure dwelling of his kinſman: here he met his fate in the manner related, by a ball through the brain. A purſe of guineas, which, with the inconſiſtency of a diſtracted mind, he had ſtowed into his pocket though he expected death, diſappeared, while they were moving his body from the paſſage into the kitchen.

Who took it, Bishop, do you suppose?

In

In ſpite of the exertions of the general and his officers, the town exhibited almoſt all the marks of a place taken by ſtorm. Some houſes were perforated like a riddle, moſt of them had their doors and windows deſtroyed, the trembling inhabitants ſcarcely eſcaping with life by lying proſtrate on the floor, as at the caſtle. Nor was it till the cloſe of the next day, that our ears were relieved from the horrid ſound of muſquets diſcharged every minute at flying and powerleſs rebels. The plague of war ſo often viſits the world, that we are apt to liſten to any deſcription of it with the indifference of ſatiety: it is actual inſpection only, that ſhews the monſter in its proper and full deformity.

When the army was beginning to move from Croſmalina, they paſſed by a wounded man lying at the road ſide, bleeding to death by a dreadful cut acroſs the face, and to appearance expiring. Not a few ſtopt to look at him, and remarked that it would be an act of charity to put him out of his pain by diſpatching him; but no body had the heart to

do it. After all had paſſed him, ARTHUR STOCK the biſhop's ſon, who brought up the rear, looking back ſaw the poor creature lift up his hands in a deſpairing manner, as if he complained of them for not terminating his miſery. Familiarity with ſcenes of this kind blunts and overcomes the inſtincts of our nature; and it is neceſſary for the common ſafety, that in ſome breaſts they ſhould be overcome. But it would be well if the thoughtleſs multitude, who are ſo ready to ruſh into civil war, could have an inſight from time to time into its ſanguinary effects.

What heart can forget the impreſſion it has received from the glance of a fellow creature, pleading for his life, with a crowd of bayonets at his breaſt? The eye of DEMOSTHENES never emitted ſo penetrating a beam, in his moſt enraptured flight of oratory. Such a man was dragged before the biſhop on the day after the battle, while the hand of ſlaughter was ſtill in purſuit of unreſiſting peaſants through the town. In the agonies of terror the priſoner thought to ſave his life by crying out, 'that he was

'known

'known to the biſhop.' Alas! the biſhop knew him not; neither did he look like a good man. But the arms and the whole body of the perſon to whom he flew for protection were over him immediately. Memory ſuggeſted rapidly—

'*What a piece of workmanſhip is man! the beauty of the world, the paragon of animals!*—'

'And you are going to deface this admirable work!' As indeed they did. For though the ſoldiers promiſed to let the unfortunate man remain in cuſtody till he ſhould have a trial, yet when they found he was not known, they pulled him out of the court-yard, as ſoon as the biſhop's back was turned, and ſhot him at the gate. &

As ſoon as matters had been brought to the deciſion of the ſword, the friends of government had little cauſe to be apprehenſive for themſelves: but their fears were very juſtly awake for the condition in which they might poſſibly find thoſe of their own party at Killalla. 'Is the biſhop alive? are 'his family unhurt?' Theſe were the firſt

* *Hamlet.*

queſtions that were aſked by every officer as he came up to the caſtle gate, and with an earneſtneſs that warmed the hearts of thoſe that heard them.† That amiable nobleman, the Earl of Portarlington, colonel of the Queen's county militia (who has ſince paid, alas! the forfeit of a moſt valuable life to exertions beyond his ſtrength in ſuppreſſing the rebellion) when he was told the biſhop was ſafe, exclaimed with claſped hands, 'God be praiſed!' and continued his purſuit of the rebels; ſo that the biſhop never had the opportunity of thanking his lordſhip for his kindneſs to one almoſt a ſtranger to him. In the troop of horſe, that ſwept the rebels before them into the town, was ARTHUR STOCK, armed only with a ſabre, and in an old red jacket quite too large for him.‡ The humanity of gen. TRENCH had provided this mode of conveying him to us from Caſtlebar, as the ſafeſt he could contrive for him. With a breathleſs impatience the poor youth threw himſelf from his horſe at the gate to aſk the queſtion that Joſeph puts to his brethren, *Doth my father yet live?* It was a tender

ſcene

ſcene; for every body was eager to preſs to his boſom an adventurer of ſixteen years, who had ſuffered ſo much hardſhip. He had been in the action at Caſtlebar, where the pikemen under O'KEON were put to the rout; and he had paſſed the laſt night under ſo heavy a rain, that he was compelled after ſome time to take off all his clothes, and make his bed of wet ſtraw on the floor of a cabin. A ſlight diſorder was the conſequence, which happily ſoon went off.

CHAROST expreſſed as much joy at ſeeing ARTHUR ſafe, as if he had himſelf been one of the family. Yet the poor commandant had no reaſon to be pleaſed at the treatment he had received immediately after the action. He had returned to the caſtle for his ſabre, and advanced with it to the gate in order to deliver it up to ſome Engliſh officer, when it was ſeized and forced from his hand by a common ſoldier of FRASER'S. He came in, got another ſword, which he ſurrendered to an officer, and turned to re-enter the hall. At this moment a ſecond highlander burſt through the gate, in ſpite

of

of the centinel placed there by the general, and fired at the commandant, with an aim that was near proving fatal, for the ball paſſed under his arm, piercing a very thick door entirely through, and lodging in the jamb. Had we loſt the worthy man by ſuch an accident, his death would have ſpoiled the whole reliſh of our preſent enjoyment. He complained, and received an apology for the ſoldier's behaviour from his officer. Leave was immediately granted to the three French officers to keep their ſwords, their effects, and even their bed-chamber in the houſe. But the biſhop found a difficulty to obtain the ſame indulgence for O'KEON, whoſe plea that he was a naturaliſed Frenchman was pretty generally diſregarded, and himſelf conſidered as an Iriſh rebel, to be ſpeedily brought before a court-martial. However, at laſt they were all allowed to be kept together, including their cannoneer and a little French ſervant of O'KEON's, till the following day.

General TRENCH was received by the biſhop and his family in the lobby with a welcome,

come, of the ſincerity of which there could be very little doubt. He expreſſed in very polite terms his ſatisfaction at the deliverance of this family from ſo great a peril as had hung over us for the laſt month; adding that he had not failed to uſe every exertion to come to our relief, from the moment that our embaſſy had fully appriſed him of our diſtreſsful ſituation. He then preſented to the biſhop his principal officers, with ſome of whom he was previouſly well acquainted, particularly his much valued college intimate, the earl of GLANDORE, Lieutenant colonel CROSBIE, major FITZGERALD (commonly called the knight of Kerry) major TRENCH, brother to the general, his nephew and aide-de camp major TAYLOR. major ACHESON ſon to lord GOSFORD, colonel FRASER, major M'DONALD, captain HARRISON the commiſſary, col. JACKSON, and ſome officers of the county militia, as Mr. ORMSBY, Mr. ORME, and others, paid their compliments of congratulation, and were accommodated by the biſhop in the beſt manner he was able. Bed and board

was

was provided for five reſident officers, and occaſionally every day for ſome others.

The commandant and his party were ordered away on Tueſday to Caſtlebar, with the Kerry Regiment. Horſes were found, not without difficulty, to convey their perſons: the bulk of their effects was forwarded to them, on their arrival in Dublin, by the biſhop. We parted, not without tears, with our friends and protectors. The good-natured reader will doubtleſs ſhare in the pleaſure, with which we record the notice that was taken every where of our French officers for the part they had acted at Killalla. Our government was pleaſed to forward them preſently to London, giving them what money they wanted for their draft on the commiſſary of priſoners, NIOU; ſo that paſſing but two or three days in Dublin, they could dine but twice with the biſhop's connections, my Lord Primate making them partake of his hoſpitality one day, and alderman KIRKPATRICK another. From London the biſhop had a letter from the committee for taking care of

French

French priſoners, deſiring to be informed in what manner he and his had been treated by the French officers; and on the biſhop's report, an order was obtained, that Citizens CHAROST, BOUDET, and PONSON, ſhould be ſet at liberty, and ſent home without exchange*. They overtook their general at Dover, who was ſo ſenſible of the attention ſhewn to his officers, that he wrote to the biſhop the letter, of which a tranſlation appeared in the Dublin Journal, and ſince in the narrative publiſhed by JONES. The original will be found in our appendix.

The week that followed the battle was employed in courts martial in the morning, and in moſt crowded dinners at the caſtle in the evening. A whole bullock went

* NIOU, the French commiſſary, refuſed on the part of his government to accept of this mark of reſpect from our miniſtry. 'The Directory could not avail themſelves 'of ſo polite an offer, becauſe their officers at Killalla 'had only done their duty, and no more than what any 'Frenchman would have done in the ſame ſituation.' It will depend on the particular temper of the critic, whether he ſhall call this anſwer magnanimous, or a childiſh gaſconade.

in two days, as the biſhop had not leſs than forty people to feed, beſides the officers, and the principals of his own houſehold. Gen. TRENCH did his beſt to help out the meſs, ſharing his bread and fuel with us, and ſupplying us with beef when he could get it. Mr. DENIS BROWNE, lord ALTAMONT's brother, ſent the general at one time a whole, and again half a buck, deſiring in return an immediate remittance of 300 men to drive away the rebels from Weſtport. Whether the party went, I did not hear: the veniſon deſerved it. Our greateſt want was wine and groceries. A large order was ſent to Sligo by the commiſſary of ſtores and the biſhop; but the ſloop could not ſail for ſome time on account of the equinoctial ſtorms. The officers made out their entertainment as they could, with great patience and cheerfulneſs, being very pleaſant agreeable men, and the general extremely ſo. The French had made the biſhop a preſent of ſeven barrels of flour brought from their own country, which had been very good, but was a little heated in the voyage: this made into what is called

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ſlim cakes, ſerved tolerably well for bread, as there was neither brewing for ſome time nor barm. The ſloop did not arrive to our relief till after the general was gone.

If the people of Killalla were diſtreſſed to find accommodation for the multitude of officers that now poured in upon them, they experienced yet greater inconvenience from the predatory habits of the ſoldiery. The regiments that came to their aſſiſtance being all militia, ſeemed to think they had a right to take the property they had been the means of preſerving, and to uſe it as their own, whenever they ſtood in need of it. Their rapacity differed in no reſpect from that of the rebels, except that they ſeized upon things with ſomewhat leſs of ceremony or excuſe, and that his Majeſty's ſoldiers were incomparably ſuperior to the Iriſh traitors in dexterity at ſtealing. In conſequence the town very ſoon grew weary of their gueſts, and were glad to ſee them marched off to other quarters. It is but juſtice to the regiment that has remained at Killalla ever ſince, the Prince of Wales'

fencibles, to acknowledge that they have always behaved themſelves with the greateſt propriety, under the orders of thoſe two excellent officers, lieut. col. MACARTNEY and major WINSTANLEY. Let it be remembered alſo, to the honour of our excellent Chief Governor, that as ſoon as the country was reduced to quiet, Marquis CORNWALLIS ſent two commiſſioners to Killalla and its vicinity, for the expreſs purpoſe of aſcertaining the damages done by the King's troops, and that, in March following, all authenticated claims on that account were diſcharged in full by an order on the national bank.

The court martial began the day after the battle, and ſat in the houſe of Mr. MORRISON. Their proceedings at firſt appeared extremely ſlow, conſidering the multitudes they had to try, not leſs than ſeventy-five priſoners at Killalla, and a hundred and ten at Ballina, beſides thoſe who might be brought in daily. The two firſt perſons tried at this tribunal were general BELLEW and Mr. RICHARD BOURKE, who have been already

already introduced to the acquaintance of the reader. The latter, after exerting his beſt endeavours to prolong the conteſt with the King's troops, had imitated the craft ſometimes obſervable in the fox; he had ſlipt in with the crowd of loyaliſts, and was found, with every appearance of a peaceable ſubject, ſitting in the biſhop's lobby, and chatting familiarly with different people as they entered, till he was recognized and taken into cuſtody by Mr. Ormsby. The trial of theſe two criminals was ſhort. They were found guilty on Monday evening, and hanged the next morning in the park behind the caſtle. Contemptible for drunkenneſs and vulgar manners, they fell without exciting a ſentiment of compaſſion.

Roger Macguire, our late ambaſſador to Caſtlebar, occaſioned ſome delay. It was urged in his favour, particularly by dean Thompson, that in their late journey he had often heard him ſpeak to the people in favour of pacific meaſures, and of lenity to the proteſtants. On the other hand, general

neral TRENCH and his officers could not readily forget the inſolent behaviour of this young fellow at Caſtlebar, under which aſſumed carriage he ſtrove to conceal his apprehenſion of danger, when he was ſo grievouſly (and indeed ſo inconſiderately) threatened by Mr. DENIS BROWNE and others, on his entering the town, as we have already obſerved. After a long impriſonment at Killalla, MACGUIRE was tranſmitted to Caſtlebar, where at laſt he received ſentence to be tranſported to Botany-bay. His father, the brewer, was hanged; his brothers, more active in treaſon and miſchief than himſelf, have not yet been taken.

Broken weather increaſed the difficulty of keeping a force together in ſuch a place as Killalla, their tents affording a poor ſhelter againſt the rain and ſtorms of this ſeaſon of the year. Gen. TRENCH therefore made haſte to clear the wild diſtricts of the Laggan and Erris, by puſhing detachments into each, who were able to do little more than to burn a number of cabins; for the people

people had too many hiding places to be eaſily overtaken. Enough, however, was effected, to impreſs upon the minds of the ſufferers a conviction, that joining with the enemies of their country againſt their lawful ſovereign was not a matter of ſo little moment as they had ignorantly imagined; and probably the memory of what they now endured will not be effaced for years. There are, I know, who think differently,—who ſay, theſe mountaineers will be always ripe for inſurrection—and who urge in proof the miſchief they have done very lately, by robbery and houghing of cattle. Yet ſurely our common nature will incline us to make ſome conceſſion to the feelings of men driven (though by their own fault) from their farms and their dwellings—wretched dwellings, to be ſure; but, to them—(that poor fellow's leſſon to the biſhop * is worth remembering!)—to them as valuable as to the grandee his palace. Let a man look round from the ſummit of one of thoſe mountains that guard our iſland againſt the

* Page 92.

in-

incurſions of the Atlantic, and ſay what he ſhould think of paſſing a winter among them, without the covering of a hut.

The diſpoſal of the powder left at the caſtle by the French was one of the firſt things that occupied the attention of gen. TRENCH, eſpecially after the accident mentioned above had made every body ſenſible of the neceſſity of ſpeedily removing it. He wrote that very day to government, and deſired to have his Excellency's commands reſpecting it: yet the carriages did not arrive for tranſporting it to Athlone, till the fifth of October; probably from the difficulty of procuring the means of conveyance at that ſeaſon. The biſhop was heartily glad to be rid of this depoſit,—if that might be ſo named, which was placed in his hands againſt his will and conſent. The French, as the reader will ſee by the annexed affidavit of Captain BULL, took it into their heads to be angry with the biſhop, for betraying their powder to the King's officer; as if he owed *them* allegiance, or was reſponſible for a truſt he had not undertaken, and which he would have rejected with abhorrence. All the ſhare he had

had in ſaving this powder for his Majeſty's uſe conſiſted in ſuggeſting to the commandant the real and abſolute impoſſibility of throwing it into the ſea, in the preſence of people who waited eagerly and continually to ſeize it for their own deſtructive purpoſes. The powder, though coarſe, was ſaid to be good enough for uſe: the whole, at one ſhilling the pound, muſt have been worth upwards 1300l. ſterl.

On the 29th, an addreſs was preſented to gen. TRENCH from the barony of Tyrawley, thanking him and his army for the good ſervice of Sunday laſt, to which a polite anſwer was preſently returned by the general. They have appeared in the public prints.

The opportunity of an eſcort to Caſtlebar carried away from us this day our worthy friends, the THOMPSONS, with their three boys and a girl, a family whoſe real value we ſhould hardly have known but for our captivity. Mr. FORTESCUE embraced the ſame opportunity. And the ſucceeding

day, by the departure of gen. TRENCH with the Kerry officers to Caſtlebar, left the town of Killalla to the defence of the Prince of Wales's fencibles, who have remained there ever ſince. The detachment that had been ſent into Erris on the 30th September returned the ſeventh of the following month, after ſuffering and inflicting a good deal of miſery.

As the ſtorm of war ſeemed now to have ſpent its force, the biſhop began to try what he could do in order to render his ſituation at Killalla eaſy at leaſt, if he could not reſtore the comfortable poſture in which the invaſion found him. His greateſt inconvenience was, that it was out of his power, as matters ſtood, to return to the excluſive uſe of his own houſe. The guard, which was relieved every day, being ſtationed in one of the offices at the caſtle, it became a duty of common politeneſs to offer a bed to the officer that commanded the guard. The ſame compliment could hardly be refuſed to another officer of the regiment, who coming later than the reſt to Killalla could not poſ-

ſibly

ſibly find a lodging in the town. And theſe two officers naturally grew to be meſſmates in the family, the biſhop wiſhing by every means in his power to ſhew his ſenſe of the protection afforded to the town by his Majeſty's army. But the labour and wearineſs of living thus in a manner in public, and for a conſtancy, may be eaſily conceived, at leaſt it need not be deſcribed to any man that is fond of retirement and ſtudy. The meſſing indeed was laid aſide, from the moment the gentlemen were aware of the biſhop's inability to bear the annoyance of continual public dinners: but the bedchambers could not be refuſed; a circumſtance which precluded the exerciſe of hoſpitality towards the biſhop's friends or his clergy, his own family being ſo numerous. Neither was it by any means clear to the people of Killalla, if they ſet themſelves to repair the damages they had ſuſtained by the war, that they would be able to enjoy the fruits of their labour. The winter was coming on; a multitude of rebels were ſcattered through the mountains, likely to be rendered deſperate by want; and perhaps too

the French might find means to effect another and a more powerful invaſion in the ſame place where they had landed before.

Theſe reaſons were repeatedly urged to the biſhop by his friends in the capital to induce him to remove with his family thither without delay; but he had fixed his reſolution to remain where he was for that winter. After the loſſes he had ſuſtained, his circumſtances ſtood in the way of an expenſive journey to Dublin: and, if that had not been the caſe, he found, by many trials, that his preſence was likely to be uſeful to his country neighbours, either in aſſiſting to obtain compenſation for them, or clearing them from ill-founded charges of diſaffection.—From the rebels in the mountains, he apprehended no danger, as long as the military were left to protect the town; and as to another attempt from the French, in the very ſame quarter, and on the verge of winter, it was an event too far removed from probability to be a reaſonable ground for retreating.

But

But experience quickly proved, that what is not probable, may, nevertheleſs, be very true. On the morning of the 27th of October 1798, three of the ſame frigates which had brought over HUMBERT's army in Auguſt, in company with a fourth, carrying all together 2000 land forces, anchored in the bay of Killalla, preciſely in the ſpot where they had made good their firſt landing.—They formed a part of the armament, which (ſo happily for Ireland and the Britiſh empire) was deſtroyed by the glorious action off Rutland, under the auſpices of Sir JOHN B. WARREN. The alarm was taken, the moment theſe ſhips appeared; for our late ſufferings had taught us what might be expected from veſſels of that ſize. Two officers of the Prince of Wales's, capt. BULL and lieutenant LEURY, were ſent, at different times, by major WINSTANLEY, to inquire what they were, and, if friends, to deliver diſpatches which had juſt come down to him from the capital. A party under the orders of captain FRASER, went to take their ſtation behind Kilcummin head, under which the ſhips were moored, about a league from Killalla, to watch and make reports.

The

The officers not returning in the time expected, the panic became univerſal. Every male inhabitant in the place crowded to Steeple-hill, anxiouſly looking out to the ſhips, and forming conjectures. An old ſailor, who had often ſeen the like, pronounced them to be French by their white ſails, and by their ſeeming to ſtand out of the water more than ours. At length a yeoman horſeman appeared on the oppoſite hill, coming down in full gallop. To the ſpectators his out-ſtretched arms told the bad news even before his words: 'Captain FRASER had bid 'him ſay to the major, the ſhips were cer-'tainly French, and the enemy was landing.' It was diſcovered, after the fright was paſſed, that this peſtilent fellow had truly reported only half his meſſage; for he was charged to ſay, 'the enemy was *not yet* landed.' But either his wits were unſettled by terror, or he was carried away by the paſſion men feel for relating marvellous news, let it be ever ſo horrible.

In half an hour, the town of Killalla had ſcarcely an inhabitant left, except the military.

tary. The occaſion was ſo inſtant, that every body was in motion before they had time to reflect how they ſhould go, or whether they ought to go at all; for the weather was cold and ſtormy, the road to the next town (Ballina) deep mud, eſpecially near Killalla, and the laſt invaſion had left to very few any other means of conveyance but their feet. On foot the biſhop ſet out at the head of his whole houſhold, except two ſons who ſtaid to preſerve their father's property as long as they could. Two little daughters by his ſide waded through the dirt. The other children got upon cars, with their mother and aunt, invalids, that had not been expoſed to the air for the laſt two months, and one of them, Mrs. Stock, liable on any cold to a ſudden attack of the gout in the ſtomach, which had more than once threatened her exiſtence. While they were on the road, guſts of wind, and at laſt a heavy ſhower of hail, fell on them. All ſeemed to the biſhop to be now over. He muſt expect to loſe the mother of ſuch a family, the companion with whom he had paſſed twenty years of his

his life in the ſunſhine of a moſt perfect agreement, a ſunſhine abſolutely uninterrupted by one tranſient cloud. He ſaw it, almoſt without a reflection. There is a pauſe of mind on the apprehended exploſion of ſome enormous miſchief, reſembling the ſtilneſs that fills the horizon before a thunder clap. At intervals—when thought returned—what he was able to do he did. He raiſed his eyes and adored in ſilence the uplifted hand of the Almighty.—That hand, as he had ſoon the happineſs to experience, was lifted, not to deſtroy, but to ſave.

The proceſſion reached Ballina about ſix in the evening, after a march of two hours, in the courſe of which they paſſed the Armagh militia, haſtening to Killalla to join the Prince of Wales's. And here the biſhop and his family were much indebted to the hoſpitality of brigade-major CUNNINGHAM, and his lady, that they did not ſuffer more by ſo unſeaſonable a flight.—The houſe in which the major reſided was col. KING's, in happier times one of the beſt

and

and most comfortable dwellings in the whole country; but it had suffered so much damage in the rebellion, when it was occupied by TRUC, that it was now no easy matter to find a warm seat in it, scarcely a window being without one or more broken panes of glass, and a furious wind pervading the whole house. However, the entire groupe of fugitives had got into bed, when at midnight an express came to the major from Killalla, with intelligence, which that good natured officer thought his guests would be glad to hear immediately, though they were awaked out of their sleep for it. Major WINSTANLEY had sent word, that the French frigates had suddenly slipt their cables, and withdrawn from our bay.

The two officers that were carried off by this squadron to France, Messrs. BULL and LEURRY, found their way back again to their regiment near four months afterwards. From their report it appears, that a cutter they had on the watch having apprised the enemy that an English squadron was heaving in sight, for which they were conscious

they were not a match, they made off to sea, with so much precipitation, that the largest frigate cut her cable, leaving an anchor behind her, which is thought to be very well worth the weighing up. The squadron was close pursued by two line of battle ships, the Cæsar and the Tremendous (as report said) even to the distance of ninety leagues, and had for a considerable time very little hope of an escape, though they at last effected it by throwing every thing they could spare over-board, and thus outsailing ships that were crippled in the late action with the Hoche and others.

Next day with joyful hearts all the inhabitants of Killalla returned home, where no mischief had happened during their short absence. By the good providence of God the ladies of the bishop's family escaped the danger to their health, of which they had so much reason to be apprehensive; nor did any of the children take cold, except one little girl that walked, who had a low fever in consequence, which did not quit her for three weeks.

After

After this alarm, there was no resisting the importunity of the bishop's friends, recalling him to Dublin. To stay longer in a post of so much danger was generally pronounced to be a tempting of Providence. Their arguments would have carried irresistible weight (had a further weight been necessary) if the bishop or his friends had then been in possession of the intelligence, which they have since received from Captain BULL, whose testimony is here laid before the reader.

"Captain JOSEPH BULL, of the Prince of Wales's Fencible Infantry, who was taken prisoner by the fleet in Killalla Bay, being sent out with dispatches by order of the commanding officer, maketh oath and saith:

"That on his being taken on board, and during his voyage to France in La Concorde French frigate, he was often told by most of the officers on board, both naval and military, that had they landed their troops when

they appeared in the Bay of Killalla on the 27th of October, they had the most positive orders to send the Bishop of Killalla and his family immediately prisoners to France.

" That on his (Captain BULL's) asking them the reason of this step, their answer was, that the bishop had betrayed the town to the King's troops, and had likewise delivered up the ammunition that was brought in by the French during the time they were in possession of the town of Killalla.

" Captain BULL further says, he took every step that he thought was likely to prove this report entirely groundless, but is sorry to say, without effect. And says, that had they met with any opposition in landing, their determination was, to lay the town in ashes.

" Sworn before me at Killalla, March 1, 1799.

" WILLIAM KIRKWOOD."

JOSEPH BULL, Captain of
the Prince of Wales's
Fencible Regiment.

The

The public is also here presented with the original letter of General HUMBERT, of which a translation was given in JONES's last Narrative of the Rebellion.

" LE GÉNÉRAL HUMBERT À MILORD L'EVÊQUE DE KILLALLA.

" *Douvres, le* 26 *Octobre*, 1798.

" Milord,

" Etant sur le point de rentrer en France, je dois vous témoigner les sentimens distingués que vous m'avez toujours inspiré. Après avoir eu l'avantage de vous connoître, j'ai toujours regretté que le hasard et mon devoir de militaire m'aient obligé, en portant le fléau de la guerre dans votre voisinage, à troubler le bonheur domestique dont vous jouissiez, et que vous méritez à tous les égards. Trop heureux, si, en rentrant dans ma patrie, je puis me flatter d'avoir acquis quelques titres à votre estime. Indépendamment des raisons particulières que j'ai pour vous aimer et vous estimer, le tableau que le Citoyen CHAROST me

me trace de toutes vos bontés pour lui et ses officiers, tant avant qu'après la reddition de Killalla, sera pour moi un titre éternel d'estime et de reconnoissance.

" Je vous prie, Milord, d'en accepter l'expression, et d'en faire part à votre estimable famille.

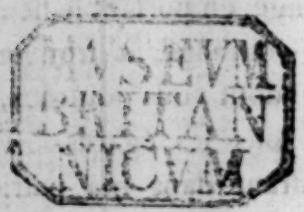
" Je suis, avec la plus haute estime,

" Milord,

" Votre très-humble serviteur,

" HUMBERT."

FINIS.



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